

6. 2.

H. M. 98.

Sept. 1831.







Yours very sincerely
Evan MacColl
in his 75th year.

CLARSACH NAM BEANN.

LE

EOBHAN MAC COLLA.

AN TREAS CLO-BHUALADH,
MEUDAICHTE AGUS ATH-LEASAICHTE



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LE A CHEAD SONRAICHTE FEIN,

THA AN LEABHAR SO AIR A CHUR A MACH FO THEARMUNN

IAIN STUART BLACKIE,

AN DIULANACH URRAMACH SIN DO 'M BUIN MOR-CHLIU

AGUS GRADH BHO GACH GAIDHEAL A THA

AIR AGHAIDH AN T-SAOGHAIL.



AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.*

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EVAN MACCOLL was born on the 21st September, 1808, at Kenmore, Lochfyne-side—a farm situated on the banks of that famous Loch, about five miles west from Inveraray, Argyllshire, and at the time in the joint occupation of several tenants, the poet's father, Dugald MacColl, being one of them. The Bard, who was the youngest but one of a family of six sons and two daughters, was fortunate enough in having for his father one who, in addition to many other excellent qualities, was famed far and near for the richest store of Celtic song of any man living in his part of the country. His home became, in consequence, the common resort of those in the district who delighted in such things; and long and frequent were the winter *ceilidhs* at his house to listen to him singing Gaelic song after song—especially the Jacobite lays of such favourite minstrels as *Mairi nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, Alexander Macdonald, and Duncan Bàn Macintyre, every line of whose composition he could repeat from memory, and in a manner well calculated to attract and captivate the rustic audience congregated round his hospitable fireside. He had a keen and genuine appreciation of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery which adorned his native land, and it was charming to hear the bard relating his recollections of how,

*Written for the *Celtic Magazine* by its editor, Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A., Scot., Inverness, Scotland.

when a mere boy, his father had made him familiar with the best positions in the neighbourhood of his home from which to view to advantage any scene of more than ordinary attraction—a circumstance which, no doubt, tended to implant in the mind of the future poet that love of Nature which afterwards found such mellifluous expression in his “Address to Loch Lomond;” his “Sonnets descriptive of Lochawe,” his “Loch-Duich,” and many more of his most beautiful and best descriptive poems.

Dugald MacColl, possessed of a manly presence, fine personal appearance and great natural intelligence, was received among, and lived in close terms of intimacy with, men who moved in a sphere of social life far above his own, and was in consequence able to procure the use of books, otherwise inaccessible, for his children; for parish libraries in those days were things undreamt of. Nothing delighted him more than to see the patriot flame fanned in the bosom of his young family by the perusal of such books as Blind Harry’s Metrical Life of Sir William Wallace, the Life of Hannibal, Baron Trenck’s Autobiography, and other works of a similiar character. He was descended from an old family—the MacColls of Glasdrum—a family in which resides, it is said, the chiefship of his clan—a small but heroic branch of the race of Somerled of the Isles. He possessed superior natural endowments—physical as well as mental—and was reputed to be altogether as fine a specimen of the Highlander as could be found in the whole county of Argyll in his day. He delighted to wear the Highland dress, and continued to do so, at least as a holiday dress, long after it had ceased to be used by any other of the adult population of his native parish.

In his mother, Mary Cameron, a daughter of *Domhnall mòr a’ Gharbh-choirre*—in his day a man of considerable mark in the district of Cowal—the bard was scarcely less fortunate. She was noted for her store of traditional tales, legendary and fairy lore, and was withal thoroughly familiar with her Bible,

and led a life of much active benevolence ; and for her memory the bard cherishes the most tender filial feelings and affection. See is also said to have been somewhat of an improvisatrice, and her leanings in this direction, coupled with her frequent exercise of the gift, gave a bent and tone to the boy-mind which time, an ardent soul, and carefully directed thought have fully developed, if not perfected, in the man.

John Mackenzie, in his "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Gaelic Bards*," informs us that the poet's parents, "although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants ; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth." Of the bard himself, with whom he was intimately acquainted, the same writer says :—"at a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry ; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. He however greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fire-side denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight, to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude, or the hour of repose compelled him to return home." The same author continues :—"His father Dugald MacColl, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education ; for, as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only

enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. MacColl bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works he was thus put in possession of, were the 'Spectator,' 'Burn's Poems,' and the 'British Essayists.' He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view; his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist. Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort and was very well received by his co-parishioners."

The means taken for the publication of this first effort as related to us by the poet himself, while his guest in Canada, is worth telling. The bards were not at the time held in high esteem in his native district, and this fact, of which he was well aware, coupled with the subject and nature of the song, made him unwilling to make it known even among his most intimate friends. He, however, felt conscious that his effort possessed some small merit, and was anxious to submit it to the local critics, which he did in the following manner:—Taking into his confidence a young friend, who was an excellent song singer, Evan taught him his first attempt, without however letting him so far into the secret as to name the author. The same evening a *ceilidh* "of lads and lasses" was held in

the house of a poor widow who lived rent-free on the farm of Kenmore—that on which our bard was born—and Evan's friend engaged to sing the song during the evening, while the bard decided to remain outside, and hear, through the chinks and crevices with which the walls of the primitive domicile were pretty freely riddled, not only the singing of the song but the criticism which was sure to follow. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, waiting the result, which to him was of the utmost consequence. The song was sung; it was received with loud and unanimous applause, and its unknown author, whom every one became anxious to discover, was praised without stint. Evan heard the whole; he felt himself a bard, and became supremely happy, and the genius of which this was the first-fruit, broke forth from that moment with the result so well known to the lovers of genuine poetry throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever Highlanders are located, and to all of whom the name of Evan MacColl is long since a household word.

Of his educational opportunities in early life the bard, in a letter recently received from him, gives the following interesting account.

“My earliest schoolboy days were spent in a most miserable apology for a school, existing quite close to where I lived, and conducted by a dominie whose scholastic acquirements you may judge from the fact that he was content to be paid for his services at the rate of £10 per annum, besides board and lodging—the last being secured to him at the expense of a constant round of house to house billeting, one day at a time for each child attending school. Here, in a building little better than a hovel, and where the discipline, was such as I even now shudder to think of, I first learned to master the A B C and so forth. This important preliminary being once through, I in common with all little ones of similiar standing, were made to grope our way through the Shorter Catechism—the English

version mind you—for to be taught at that stage of our progress to read a word of Gaelic was a thing never dreamt of. So much for *our* First Book of Lessons! Our next was the Book of Proverbs, then the New Testament, and afterwards the Old—all in English, of course, and the same as Greek to most of us. These were followed by some English Collection, or it might be Goldsmith's History of Rome, in the case of children whose parents could afford to buy such books; and where that could not be done, I have known an odd volume of Dean Swift's writings doing duty instead! Last of all came in the Gaelic Psalm book for such of us as might wish to attain to a knowledge of reading our native tongue. When it is considered how very little English any of us knew, I think it must be allowed that a total reversal of all this would have been the infinitely-more sensible procedure. In those days, and in such schools, a boy caught speaking a word of Gaelic was pretty sure to be made to mount the back of some one of his sturdier schoolmates, and then, moving in a circuit around the master, tawse in hand, get soundly thrashed. You may well guess what a terror was inspired by such a mode of punishment in the case of little urchins wearing the kilt, as most, if not of all of us then did. Another barbarous mode of forcing us to make English our sole vehicle of speech at school was, to make any trespasser of that rule carry on his breast, suspended by a *gad* made to go round the neck, the skull of some dead horse! and which he was by no means to get rid of until some other luckless fellow might be overheard whispering a word in the prohibited tongue. How Highland parents with the least common sense, could approve of all this is to me now inexplicable. Little wonder if, under such circumstances, we could often devoutly wish that the Saxon and his tongue had never existed! It is to be hoped that no such foul, short-sighted means of killing off my good mother-tongue are still allowed to exist in any part of the Highlands. If it

must die—though I see no good reason why it should—let it have at least a little fair play in the fight for its life.

“The nearest parish school being separated from my father’s house by a considerable extent of rough moorland, which made his children’s attendance there a thing scarcely to be thought of, it was lucky for me that, after picking up all the little knowledge possible at the school just described, my father, while on a visit to some relations in Appin, there fell in with and engaged as a teacher in our family, a young man to whom I am indebted for almost all the education worthy of the name, ever received by me during my school-boy days. My worthy tutor had been for several years a teacher under the Society for Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands, but was, at the time of making this engagement with my father, waiting for a promised situation as book-keeper in one of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch’s estates in Jamaica, to which Island, after a year spent with us, he went, and where, within a period of two short years, he died. Poor Alexander Mackenzie-Macleod—for that was his name—was a man of rare, ripe Celtic Scholarship—a man who well merited being held by me in most loving remembrance.”

MacColl’s mind is of a peculiarly delicate and sensitive texture, and the strongest impression of his early childhood still remaining, he informs us, is his recollection of his extreme sensitiveness to pain inflicted on any creature, even among the lower animals. This characteristic peculiarity of his nature made the day set apart for killing the “*Mullagheamhraidh*,” or any other occasional victim necessary to furnish the household with animal food, to him a day of special horror and anguish. On all such occasions it became necessary to send him out of the way until the proceedings were over. It led him also, often at the expense of much rough treatment from boy companions older than himself, to become a regular little knight-errant in the defence of his favourite wild-birds and their brood from the harrying

propensities so common to most boys ; and a lapwing could not more successfully wile away from her nest the searcher after it than he often did from their mark the would-be despoilers of some poor robin's *cuach*, as yet undiscovered by them. With a boy so constituted we may well believe him when he writes in his poem on "*Creag-a'-ghàraidh*," given to the public a few years ago, that

These were the days a planet new
 Would joy its finder less than *there* I
 To find some blackbird's nest, known to
 Myself alone in *Creag-a'-gharrie*.

Like most Highland boys brought up in rural life, MacColl was early trained to the various duties and labours incidental to that sphere of life—the spade, the plough, and the sickle, being for many years implements far more familiar to him than the pen. The herring fishing season in Lochfyne was also to him for several years of his early manhood a period of more than ordinary activity—himself and his wherry, "*Màiri Chreagh-a'-ghàraidh*," the praises of which have been already sounded in excellent Gaelic verse in these pages, being generally foremost in opening the fishing campaign, and seldom missing a fair share of its spoils. And, further, his father, in addition to the labour demanded by the cultivation of his small holding at Kenmore, was seldom without a road contract of some kind or another on hand, generally the making or repairing of roads within the policies of the Duke of Argyll at Inveraray. During the last ten years of the father's residence in Scotland, before emigrating to Canada, in 1831, he held a contract for keeping a considerable stretch of the county roads in repair. These repairs were usually carried on during the winter, and the bard and his brothers had to work along with the other labourers employed, thus making the whole year to them one unceasing round of hard and active labour. The bard was thus employed for several years—years however during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed.

When his father, accompanied by all the other unmarried members of his family, emigrated to Canada, Evan could not make up his mind to leave his native land, even to accompany those whom he loved above all others in the world—he having already secretly resolved that before following them, he would try to leave his countrymen at home something to be remembered by,—a poetic volume, in short, the materials for which were daily growing on his hands. How well he succeeded in his purpose remains now to be shown.

His first publication in volume form appeared in 1836, under the title of *The Mountain Minstrel*, containing Gaelic songs and poems, and his earliest attempts in English. Though the names of MacLachlan and Stewart appear upon the title page, the work was entirely published at the risk of the author. It was well received, the sale covered the cost of publication, and left a small balance to the bard.

During the next two years he wrote several new pieces, both in Gaelic and English, and in 1838, the Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow, published the Gaelic work now known as “*Clàrsach nam Beann*,” containing all the Gaelic productions of the bard till that date. Simultaneously with the “*Clàrsach*” the same firm brought out the first exclusively English edition of the *Mountain Minstrel*, the first edition having been partly Gaelic and partly English. A second edition of the *Mountain Minstrel* was published in 1847, and another in 1849; but neither of these produced any great financial result to the author.

On the appearance of his two volumes in 1838, MacColl was hailed as a rare acquisition to Gaelic literature, and his right to stand in the front rank of modern Celtic bards was at once established and acknowledged. Of his *Mountain Minstrel* or “*Poems and Songs in English*,” some of the best contemporary authorities in Britain wrote in the very highest praise. Two editions of the English Compositions of the Bard were printed in Canada—the second, a bulky volume

of 350 pages with a portrait of the author, was published in 1885 by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

The late Dr. Norman MacLeod, reviewing, the *Mountain Minstrel* writes :—"Evan MacColl's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild, indeed, and sometimes rough are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and striking, images and comparisons so beautiful and original, feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man." Hugh Miller say, in the *Inverness Courier* : "There is more of fancy than of imagination in the poetry of MacColl, and more of thought and imagery than of feeling. In point, glitter, polish, he is the Moore of Highland song. Comparison and ideality are the leading features of his mind. Some of the pieces in this volume are sparkling tissues of comparison from beginning to end. The images pass before us in quick tantalizing succession, reminding us of the figures of a magic lantern, hurriedly drawn athwart the wall, or the patterns of a web of tapestry, seen and then lost, as they sweep over the frame. Even when compelled to form a high estimate of the wealth of the bard from the very rapidity with which he flings it before us, we cannot avoid wishing at the same time that he had learned to enjoy it a little more at his leisure. This, if a fault, however, and we doubt it after all, is a fault of genius." Dr. Browne, author of "The History of the Highland Clans," noticing the work in the *Caledonian Mercury*, wrote :—"Genius, wherever it displays itself, constitutes nature's title of nobility, with heaven's patent right visibly stamped upon it, and thus levels all other distinctions. Here, for instance, we have it breaking out amidst every disadvantage in the person of a Western Celt,—one, who, obedient to the voice within, sought to embody in song those feelings and emotions

which external nature has kindled up in his bosom ; and who, with none of the means and appliances furnished by the schools has thrown together in his *Mountain Minstrel* more gems ‘ of purest ray serene ’ than could be found in a decade of *lustra* amongst the measured dullness of the choristers and songsters in the cities of the south.”

This is surely high praise, but we must yet quote Bailey, the celebrated author of “ *Festus* ” and of the “ *Angel World*.” “ There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the *Mountain Minstrel*, which seems to breathe naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume, are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame.”

Our Minstrel having thus established for himself a name,—which his countrymen “ will not willingly let die”—the time to leave his beloved Lochfyne-side, not for Canada, but England, at last drew near. For, having been in the spring of 1839, through the influence of Mr. Campbell, of Islay, then M.P. for Argyllshire, appointed to a clerkship in the Liverpool Custom House, he, in that year, bade his native home an affectionate farewell, and exchanged the Highland hills and heather, which had so often occupied his poetic mind, for a sphere of life which with its necessary duties and surroundings, had little attraction for one of his temperament, tastes and feelings.

In 1850, the health of our bard having become somewhat impaired, he obtained six months’ leave of absence to enable him to visit his friends in Canada, and at the same time recruit his overworked constitution. Shortly after his arrival there he happened to come in contact with an old friend of his father’s family, the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, then a

member of the Canadian Government, and was by this distinguished countryman invited to transfer his clerkship in the Liverpool Customs for a somewhat better position at the time in the Provincial Customs of Upper Canada. Unfortunately for him, we think, he fell in with this friendly suggestion, and was, shortly after, appointed to a situation in Kingston, a position in which he remained until 1880, when he was superannuated.

Promotion in the public service in Canada, being a matter almost entirely dependant on political influence,—and the Liberal party,—that to which MacColl owed his appointment,—having, unfortunately for him, been left in the cold shades of opposition, with but a very short interval during the whole of his official life in that country, his portion at the “public crib” was never much to boast of. We suspect that a further barrier to his advancement lay in a suspicion that not a few of the political lyrics anonymously contributed from time to time to the Reform press, were from his pen. It is certain that the bard never professed to be much of an admirer of his countryman Sir John A. Macdonald, the leader of the Conservative party there ; and, this being the case, he made it a point of honour never to solicit any favour at his hands. Yet Sir John, who had it so often in his power to befriend him, can hardly be excused for not acting towards him in a more generous spirit than he seems to have done. It was hoped that when, in 1874, Mr Mackenzie, the leader of the Liberal party, came into power, MacColl’s well-established claims to promotion would result in some lucrative place being at once given him. A promise to that effect was cheerfully made ; but, yielding to political exigencies, Mr. Mackenzie delayed its fulfilment, more clamorous claimants having to be provided for,—while the bard, too modest to press his claims, and altogether too confident that the time would come when his patience would be amply rewarded, kept vainly trusting on, until the upsettal of the Mackenzie government, in 1878, suddenly put an end to all his hopes of preferment.

We have said enough to show the stamp of man, whom we (on this side of the Atlantic) had almost permitted to die out of remembrance ; but we must yet be allowed to add one more tribute in his praise from a brother Canadian bard, of no mean powers himself ; for it is not often that one poet can be found to speak so well of another. We quote from a Biographical Sketch, written by the poet, Charles Sangster, for General Wilson's work on the Scottish Bards, published a good many years ago, by the Harpers, of New York.

"MacColl," writes Sangster, "is considerably past the middle of life, but bids fair to weather the storm of existence for many years to come. In private life he is, both by precept and example, all that could be desired. He has an intense love for all that is really good and beautiful, and a true and manly scorn for all that is false, time-serving or hypocritical ; there is no narrow-mindedness, no bigotry in his soul. Kind and generous to a fault, he is more than esteemed, and that deservedly, by all who properly know him. In the domestic circle, all the warmth in the man's heart—the full glow of genuine feeling and affection—is ever uppermost. He is a thoroughly earnest man, in whose daily walks and conversation, as well as in his actions, Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' is acted out in verity. In his friendships, he is sincere ; in his dislikes, equally so. He is thoroughly Scottish in his leanings, his national love burns with intensity. In poetry, he is not merely zealous, but enthusiastic, and he carries his natural force of character into all he says and does. Consequently he is not simply a wooer, but a worshipper of the muse. Long may he live, the 'Bard of Lochfyne,' to prostrate his entire heart and soul in the Temple of the Nine."

Among MacColl's literary friends and acquaintances in the Highlands were, first and foremost, John Mackenzie, of "The Beauties," allowed, like many more of his class, to die prematurely in neglect and poverty, though his great services to the Celtic cause are now being fully acknowledged. The late

Robert Carruthers, LL.D., he met several times, "first of all in the studio of my dear departed friend, Mr Alexander Mac-Innes, the artist, then a resident of Inverness." He met Hugh Miller, too, more than once, the last time being at the old Cromarty homestead, celebrated in his "Schools and School-masters." He also spent some time with the brothers Sobeiskie Stewart, at Eilean-Aigais, and drank with them out of a *cuach*, once the property of Prince Charlie. In Glasgow, he could claim among his friends James Hedderwick, of the *Citizen*; Dugald Moore, author of "Scenes before the Flood," and "The Bard of the North;" Alexander Rodgers, the author of "Behave yourself before Folk," and many other popular songs and lyrics; and last, but not least, the Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, the gifted author of *Leabhar nan Cnoc*, and editor of the celebrated *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*. In Edinburgh, the late Dr Robert Chambers made him the lion of a dinner party at his own house in Princes Street, to which were invited a dozen of the then literary stars of "modern Athens," the poets Gilfillan and Vedder being among the number. In Liverpool, he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of James Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus," and the late Robert Leighton, author of the "Christening of the Bairn," and other well known poems. "When first I knew Leighton," MacColl writes, "he was quite a raw, unsophisticated callant, fresh from Dundee, and with seemingly no conception of the poetic power afterwards developed in him."

In London, he was intimately acquainted with James Logan, author of "The Scottish Gael;" Fraser, of *Fraser's Magazine*, and Hugh Fraser, an Invernessian, the publisher of *Leabhar nan Cnoc*. These, in all, form a circle of literary friends, though not altogether our most brilliant stars, with whom the Bard of Lochfyne might well be highly pleased, indeed gratified.

MacColl has been twice married, his first wife being Frances

Lewthwaite, a native of Cumberland, while his present worthy and hospitable partner is of Highland parentage, though born in Canada—her father, James MacArthur, as also her mother, MacCallum by name, being natives of Mull, in Argyllshire. Of a family of nine sons and daughters, Evan, the poet's eldest son, has been educated for the ministry, and is now pastor of the Congregational Church at Quebec. The readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are already familiar with some of his daughter Mary's productions, and her fair promise as a poet to become worthy of her sire. Fanny, another daughter, is a teacher under the Ontario Board of Education, while the more youthful members of his most interesting family give ample promise of proving themselves worthy of the stock from which they sprang.



CLARSACH NAM BEANN.



CLARSACH NAM BEANN.

LOCH-DUICH.

Fàilt' ort, a Loch-duich, fàilt' ort!

Na 'm bu bhàrd a réir mo dhùrachd,
Mise 'n diugh, gu fonnmhòr, sàr-ghrinn,
Fhìor Loch-àluinn, bheirinn cliù ort.

Mar naoidhean gu ciùineil 'n a chadal
An taice uchd dubhach a mhàthar,
'S tric aghaidh na mara 'mach gruamach
A's tusa 'n ad shuain-chadail sàmhach.

A bhirlinn a' teicheadh bho 'n doireann
Cha n- ainmic 'n ad rathad-sa 'stiuireadh
'S tu tabhairt dhi beatha glé chàirdeil
Gu fasgadh do bhàghana ciùine.

'S beag ioghna gach beinn tha mu 'n cuairt dhìot
Bhi 'sealltainn a nuas ort glé spòrsail;
Cha mhinic 'chi stuadhan co àluinn
Iad féin ann an sgàthan co òirdhearc.

O! gu bhi tràth oidhche 'g an coimhead
 'N an seasamh 'an rathad nan reula,
 No le uail 'togail suas an cinn òr-bhuidh',
 'N uair tha ghrian 's an ear ròsach ag éiridh.

A bhuachaille bhig air an raon ud,
 Leig dhìot a bhi tearnadh na 's dlùithe;
 An fheudail ud chì thu fo 'n aigeann
 Cha robh iad riamh agad fo d' chùram!

A' trusadh nan dearc air a' bhruthach,
 Eisd! eisd cìod is bruidhinn do 'n phàisd ud;—
 “Tha coille 'an ìochdar Loch-duich!
 A bhràthair, 'bheil cnuthan a' fàs innt'?”

A Dhùin ud—seann lùchairt Clann Choinnich—
 Dh'fhàg aois iomad sgar ann ad chliathaich;
 A thannais nan làithean a thréig sinn,
 Cha n- ioghnadh nan déigh thu bhi cianail!

'S tu 'n sin ann ad aonar 'n ad sheasamh,
 “Mar Oisein an déighidh na Féinne”—
 Tim bheag 's bì'dh do cheann anns an t-sàile;
 A Dhùin, tha làn lùidh an Eig ort!

Cha tearc ann ad fhochair, ma 's fìor dha,
 Chì 'n t-iasgair a' dìreadh o 'n fhairge
 Cruth maighdinn, fo shoillse na geallaich,
 'S i seinn—'n è, Dhun-donnain, do mharbhrann?

Tha clàisteachd glé gheur aig an iasgair,—
 'N a bheachd-san, 's e iargainn a li-òrain,
 A leannan bhi uimpe 'fàs suarach,
 'S té eile, gu guanach, 'g a phògadh!

O, uillte a's sunndaiche siubhal
 Ri leathad nan leitrichean uain' ud,
 Cha -n ioghnas leam idir le 'r crònan
 Loch-duich bhi 'n còmhnuidh 's an t-suain so.

An so sibh, gu borbhanach, sèimheal
 A' gluasad 'measg fraoich agus fàs-choill,—
 An sud sibh, mar bhoillsgeana gréine,
 Geal-steallach, 'borb-leum feadh nan àrd-chreag!

Sgùr-Orain! cha -n' ioghna an iolair,
 Bhi 'n déigh air bhi 'g itealaich dlùth ort;
 Sud shuas thu, le d' cheann anns an iarmailt,
 'S gach beinn, 'near 'san iar, 'toirt dhuit ùmhlaichd!

Feuch farum na seilge 'n ad choire!
 Tha 'n làn-damh 'n a shiubhal tre 'n mhòintich,
 'S mactalla 'g a fhàgail féin bodhar,
 A' freagairt nan gobhar 's an tòireachd.

Ciod e ged tha chàileachd-san fallain?
 Ciod e ged mar dhealan tha 'luathas?
 'S e siùbhlaiche 'n fhirich a ghéilleas,—
 'S e foill, a laoich thréin, a thug buaidh ort!

Loch maiseach nan gorm-chrìoch do 'n luaithe
 'San Earrach thig cuach agus smeòrach,—
 Loch bradanach, sgadanach, ciùineil,
 Co 'n teanga bheir cliù mar is còir ort?

Loch suainhneach nam bruach, far am minic
 Ceòl phìoba nan ribheidean sàr-ghrinn,
 'S cliù bhàrda air òighean caoin-chruthach—
 Slàn leat, a Loch-duich, nis, slàn leat!



B A S M A I R I .

B' i a' chaileag air am bheil na rannan so a luaidh, nighean bràtha'r
dhomh, a chaochail air dhi bhi dà bhliadhna dh' aois.

Chaochail i—mar neulta ruiteach
'Bhios 's an Ear mu bhriste faire;—
B' fharmaid leis a' ghréin am bòi' chead,
Dh' éirich i 'n a glòir 'chur sgàil oirr'!

Chaochail i—mar phlatha gréine,
'S am faileas 'n a réis 'an tòir air;
Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speura,—
Shil an fhras a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a luidheas
Anns an tràigh ri cois na fairge;
Dh' aom an làn gun iochd air agbaidh—
'Ghile O! cha b' fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na Clàrsaich
'N uair a's drùitiche 's a's mils' e;
Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd àluinn
Mu 'n gann 'thòisichear r' a h-innseadh.

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge geallaich',
'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dorcha:
Chaochail i—mar bhruadar milis,
'S an cad'laiche duilich gu 'n d' fhalbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tùs a h-àille!
Cha seachnadh Pàrras as féin i:
Chaochail i—O! chaochail Màiri
Mar gu 'm bàithte 'ghrian ag éiridh!

BEANNACHD DHEIREANNACH AN EILTHIRICH.

Bha long nan crann caol,
 Mach o Mhaol dhubh Chinntire—
 Air bòrd bha iad lionmhor
 Dh' fhàg tìr nam beann àrd ;
 Bha 'ghrian ait gu leòir,
 Anns a' mhòr chuan a' sìoladh :—
 Cìod uime tha mì-ghean
 Air laoch a' chùil bhàin ?
 Cha 'n e an cuan dùmhail
 Dh' fhàg Dùghall fo champar—
 'S e fàgail a dhùthcha
 Fhliuch sùilean an t-sean-duin',
 'S e 'coimhead, fad uaithe,
 Nan cruach b' fheàrr leis teann air—
 Tìr bhòidheach nam Beann,
 Ris nach till e gu bràth.

A dhùthaich mo rùin,
 Arsa 'n diùlanach duaichnidh,
 Có air nach biodh smuaircean
 A' gluasad bho d' thaobh ?
 Droch dheireadh do 'n ghràisg
 Tha 'g ad fhàsachadh 'n uair so !
 'S e 'n droch-bheairt thug bhuam-sa
 Gleann uaine mo ghaoil.
 Mo chreach ! bho nach buan
 Ar sean-uachdairean treunail,
 'S am fonn bha 'n an sealbh
 Nis aig balgairean breunail,
 Tha Gàidheil 'g am fògradh
 Mar cheò bharr do shléibhtean,
 'S ma lean riut cinn-fheadhn',
 'S ann air caoirich a's féidh !

O Albuinn ! 'n àm dùsgadh
 Thoirt sgiùrsadh do d' nàimhdean
 Cò eil' ach an Gàidheal—
 Nà Gàidheil 's gach cruas !
 An cuimhn' leat gach cruaidh-chath
 'S an d' fhuair iad buaidh-làraich.
 'S a nis bhi 'g am fògradh
 Bho d' chòrsa, 'n e 'n duais ?
 'G am fògradh air sgàth
 Barrachd màil ann am pòca
 Nan triath air bheag nàir'
 Dh' fhàg 'n a fàsaich tìr m' òige !
 B' e 'cur eadar màthair
 'S a ceud leanabh bòidheach,
 B' e 'n rùsg thoirt bho 'n chraoibh
 Bhi an éiginn dol uait !

'Thìr steallaireach, alltach,
 Ard-choillteach, thiugh-spréigheach—
 'Thìr àiridheach, fhraoch-shliosach,
 Ghorm-lochach, àrd ;
 'Thìr bhreacanach, cheòlraidheach,
 Oranach, aoidheach,
 Bu tu tìr nan sgeul—
 Dachaidh ghreadhnach nam Bàrd !
 Ach cò an tìr chéin
 A ni 'n sgeulachd a dhùsgadh ?
 Cò thogas dhuinn òran
 Tim bròin no tim sùgraidh ?
 Cò sguabas na teudan
 Le caol-mheura siùbhlach,
 No chuireas air seinn
 Pìob mhòr bhinn nan dos àrd ?

O m' òige ! 's tu mheall mi ;—
 'S beag, aon uair, a shaol mi
 Ri dachaidh mo ghaoil
 Bhi 's an dòigh so 'cur cùl—

Gleann gorm nam ban bòidheach
 Fhuair còir air 'bhi beul-bhinn,
 Mar uiseag nan speura
 Tràth Céitein nam flùr.
 O m' anam! 'd e 'm feum dhuit
 'Bhi meodhrachadh suaimhneis—
 Feall-shonas a dh' fhàg thu
 Gu bràth, a's bu luath sin!
 Cha phill e an t-òg-mhios'
 Air ròsan bhi 'bruadar;
 O, imrich na truaigh,
 B' fheàrr an uaigh leam na thu !

A rionnag ud shuas,
 'S tuille 's luath rinn thu dùsgadh!
 Tha 'n oidheche a' dùnadh uam
 Dùthaich mo ghaoil;
 Tha gheallach gu càirdeil
 A' snàmh thar a stùchdan,
 Ach monadh no stùchd
 Nis do m' shùilean cha léir!
 A lòchrana aoibhinn!
 'S ann ruibhse tha m' fharmaid,—
 Ged ruaigean an là sibh
 A làth'ir tìr nan garbh-chrìoch,
 Gu 'm pill sibh gu gàireach
 'Chur fàilt' oirr' gach anamoch:
 Mo thruaigh! cha bu shearbh
 Ach bhi 'falbh uaip' a chaoidh!

A Bhan-rìgh nan cuan,
 Beannachd buan leat! ach cuimhnich
 An ath uair a dh' aomas
 Luchd-streupa 'n ad dhàil,
 Bi'dh d' ionndrain, gun stàth,
 Air na h-àrmuinn a sgaomadh,
 Do nàimhdean mar sgaomas
 Gaoth éitidh an càth!

Uair eile, 's gu bràth,
 Beannachd bhlàth leat, mo dhùthaich !
 Ged robh gu Lath'-luain
 Falach-cuain ort bho m' shùil-sa,
 Gu deireadh mo chuairt,
 Geàrr no buan, bi'dh mi 'g ùrnuigh,
 O ! 'Ard-rìgh nan dùl,
 Beannaich dùthaich mo ghràidh !



AM BUACHAILLE SLAODACH.

B' e 'm "buachaille slaodach" glumair balaich a bha aon uair air
 mhuinntearas ann am baile àraidh far am bu chliù dha nach robh
 e aona chuid "sona no saoithreach."

A bhuachaille sgàth nan ceum slaodach,
 A bhuachaille 's faoine na chuileag,
 Fhir leis nach cinneadh 'n t-àl clòimheach,
 'S a dh' fhàg 's na puill-mhòin' ar cuid-mhulag,—
 Fhir air an deach' "uisge nan uibhean"
 Fada mu 'n deach uisge d' ainm ort,—
 Nam biodh tannasgan aig brùidean
 Cha bu chùis dhuit siubhal anamoch !

Fhir nach luathaicheadh ceum ged chitheadh
 Tu a mhàth'r thug bainne-cìch dhuit
 'Dol 'n a siubhal leis an abhainn—
 B' e 'n droch latha thug gu 'r crìoch thu !
 Mult an diugh a's mart am màireach
 Le d' dhroch làimhseachd 'dol 's na dìgean,—
 'S eagal leam gu 'n tig a' bhàirlinn
 Oirnn air sgàth na chuir thu dhìth oirnn.

Na 'm b' e 'màireach ceann do mhuinnt'reas
 'S ioma broinn do 'm b' aobhar bròin e—
 Ròcuìs, iolaircan, a's clannhain,
 Maille ri cait, coin a's fòclain;—
 'S ioma uair do d' thaobh-sa, 'leisgein,
 Air mo chosd bha pailteas feòl ac';
 Mar dean thu gu clis ar fàgail
 Gort a's plàigh bi'dh againn còmhla.

O, fhir a's luaithe le leathad,
 'S a's faid' air deireadh 'n àm dìreadh!
 Cha 'n ann idir a réir d' àirde
 Chluicheadh tu do spàin aig dìota;
 'S tearc a gheibhear 'siubhal 'chruach thu,
 Ach an cor-uair suas a théid thu
 Cha n-'eil binnein air an gluais thu
 Air nach faicear Buachail'-bréige!



MOLADH ABHAINN RUAILE.

Tha 'n abhainn a dhùisg cliù an dàin so a' siubhal troimh Ghleann-daruaile, ann an Earraghaidheal,—gleann cho bòidheach 's a gheibhear ann an Albainn, ged is ainneic a chluinnear iomradh air.

A Ruaile an àigh!
 A Ruaile mo ghràidh,
 Cha 'n ioghna na bàird bhi 'g aithris ort;
 Bho d' bhun gu do cheann
 'S leat maise neo-ghann
 Nach téid ré mo linn às m'aithre-sa;

'S tu féin an sruth tlà
 'S an caithinn an là
 O mhoch-thrath gu tràth nan rionnagan,
 Le slat no le mor'ath
 'Toirt cuimhneachan searbh
 Do chuaiirteir nam meanbh-bhall lannaireach.

O, abhainn gun stéidh !
 'G ad choimhead an dé
 Gu 'n d' chuir thu gun bhréig, plath-fathar orm,—
 An sud thu a nuas,
 An so thu a suas
 'N ad mhuilleine cuairteag aighearach ;
 An so thu a' falbh
 Gu h-athaiseach, balbh ;
 An sud thu, le toirm na gaillinne,
 A' cur na réis chruaidh
 A bheir thu le buaidh,
 Gu fochair nan cuan-shruth salainneach.

A mhuime nam breac,
 Feuch sud iad a gleachd,
 Rid' chaislichean sneachd-gheal, steallaireach,
 An so iad a' leum
 An coinneamh na gréin,—
 Mo cheist air na laochain gheal-tharach,
 O, iasgair, bi clis !
 Sud fear dhiubh a nis
 Fo dhubhar a phris ud 'feitheamh ort :
 Cuir cuileag gun dàil
 'N a rathad ma 's àill
 Leat fhaicinn an càs nach laghach leis.

'S beag ioghnadh, a Ruail,
 Aig deireadh do chuairt
 Do shruth bli do 'n chuan cho tobairteach,
 'S na tha o gach frìth
 De dh' easa gun sgìos
 A' tabhairt dhuit cìs le bodhar fhuaim.

Be 'n sòlas leam féin
 Bhi leanachd an ceum
 Tigh'n thugad 'n an leum-ruith cobharach,
 'S Mactalla gun tàmh
 A' magadh an gàir,
 'N a dhachaidh 's an àrd-chreig ghobharach !

Sruth-tathaich nan còrr—
 'S tric dh' éisd mi 'n ad chòir
 Fead sealgair nan eun-chù cuinneineach,
 Maoth-mhèilich nan uan,
 Ceòl uiseag a's chuach,
 'S guth mhaighdean mu 'n bhuaille chumanach,
 Ceòl eile, 'n ad sgàth,
 Cha tearc, ma 's fìor dha,
 'N chuais buachaille bàn nam mullaichean,—
 Ceòl theud bho thorrs-ìth,
 'S na “daoine” gun dìth
 Cruaidh-dhannsa air druim an tullachain !

Ged 's fhada bho 'n ré
 Chaidh dìth air na féidh,
 'Am monadh do mhà'ir-uisg' bhiolaireach,
 Rì d' thaobh air a sgiath
 'S tric leònar cearc-liath,
 'S théid peileir 'an cliabh na h-iolaire,
 Cha 'n ainneamh 'n ad bhùrn
 Thig deireadh air mùirn
 Dubh-dhoran a chùirn le 'nhuirichinn,
 'S an ruadh-bhoc, gun taing
 D' a easgaidean seang,
 Thig tric ann ad Ghleann gu duillichinn.

O! Gleann nan gorm raon,
 O, Gleann nam ban caoin
 Dh' fhàs òr-fhaltach, beul-bhinn, ceanalta—
 Mnaidh òg nan gruaidh dearg,
 'S nam pearsa gun chearb
 Fhuair urram na h-Alb' gun cheannachadh,—

Mo bheannachd 'nan déigh !
 B' e 'm bàrd os cionn ceud
 A mholadh mar 's còir am banal ud :
 Ged 'chaitheadh e bliadhn'
 A' leantuinn a mhiann
 An deicheamh de 'n sgiamh cha chanadh leis.



PIOBAIREACHD MHIC-A'-PHEARSAIN.

'Se 'n laoch air an deachaidh an t-òran so a dheanamh Dòmhnall
 Mac-a'-Phearsain a bha 'n a àrd-phìobaire aig an Fhreiceadan ris
 an canar *Fusileers* na h-Alba, ri linn dhoibh gairm fhaighinn till-
 eadh dhachaidh bho Chanada air a' bhliadhna 1866.

Thàinig naigheachd an dé oirnn,
 Dh' fhàg na ceudan làn airtneal,—

Prionnsa cliùiteach nam pìobair
 Tuille 's tìr so cha 'n fhaic sinn !

Null thar cuan nan tonn beucach
 Ghluais an laoch a dh' fhàs smachdail,—

Fear thug tric dhomh o 'n “Oinsich”
 Bruidhinn bhòidheach a nasgaidh.

Có, le seòltachd an fhiùrain,
 Nis a dhùisgeas dhuinn feachd-cheòl ?

Có, 'n uair b' fheàrr leinn ceòl-cumha,
 Fear, 'n ad dheighidh, bheir tlachd dhuinn ?

O' uin' a chuireas ceòl-dannsaidh
Caothach cheann agus chas oirnn ?

Chaill sinn corrag an fhilidh
Anns gach binneas bha beairteach,—

Fear nam feadana fuaimneach
Ann an cuairtean na *Glas-mheur* :

B' e sud ceòl gun a leithid !
Cainnt gach cridhe 'n i chlaisteachd,

B' e 'm fear bodhar a dh' éisdeadh
Gun fhuil a's fheithean a' bras-leum.

Ged a b' ainmeil Mac-Cruimein
'S gann bha ribheid cho blasda !

Fear mo chridhe 'm fear dàicheil
Chinn gu fàilteachail, feartail !

Ann am Breacan siol Chluainidh,
'S ioma gruagach ghabh tlachd dhiot.

Fear a's deise measg sluaigh thu
Ann ad shuaicheantas gaisgeil,—

Féile preasach mu d' shliasaid,
Geal a's ciar air deagh bhreacadh.—

Osain gheàrr air trom-chalpa
Mar bhreac tarragheal nan cas-shruth,—

Brògan-fraochain, a's sporan
O bhian mollach nan glas-ghobh'r,—

Crios le biodag gheur, ghuineach
'S dà dhag ullamh neo-chneasda,—

Leug o bheannta nan làn-damh
'Boillsgeadh 'm bràisde de bhreacain,—

Lus-nam-braoileag 'n ad bhoineid,
'S ite iolair 'an taic sud !

Gu ma fada mòr-chliùiteach
Am feachd diùlanta, smachdail ;

'S tric a fhuair leat buaidh-làrach—
Gach cluais làn de d' cheòl spraiseil.

Laochraidh ghasda nan cruaidh-bheum,
B' e bhi buadhach an cleachduinn.

'N àm toirt stàilinn o thruaillibh,
B' e chùis-uamhais am faicinn.

Mar dhubh-dhoirionn na fairge
Coltas colgach nam macan.

Mar bheum-sleibh no leum-tuinne
Sud am meadhon gach gleachd iad !

Gach aon laoch mar Cuthchullainn,
H-uile buille toirt seachd as !

Fhir a's tric, le ciad fàilte,
A lìon m' fhàrdaich le d' chaismeachd.

Fhir 'n àm seasamh na Gàidhlig,
'S tric a dh' àrdaich mo bheachd ort.

Ged a rinn thu 'ur fàgail—
Toil na bàn-rìgh mar reachd dhuit,

Bì'dh mo chridhe-sa làn dhiot,
Gus an càirichear leac orm.



MNATHAN AN TOMBAC.

AIR FONN,—*‘Hùthil othan, ò,’ &c., no, ‘Buy broom besoms.’*

B' iad na “mnathan” air a bheil ruith sìos anns an t-òran so, dà bhana-choimhearsnach chòir a dh'fhàg an déideadh car beag déigheil air toit na pìoba. Rinneadh an t-òran air do thé dhiubh féin, le fealadhà, iarraidh air an ùghdar rann a dheanamh orra.

Giorsal òg a bhos,
Seana Ghiorsal shìos—
Cha 'n fhaic mi 'n an gnos
Mionaid ach a' phìob!

SEISD.—Fuich! a's fire, faire!
Och a's och, a rìgh!
Ub! ub! ub! mo sgaradh!
Mnathan dubh nam pìob!

Sud iad dhuit mu 'n teallaich
'Cur na toite 'n àird,—
Fasan dubh nan cailleach
Bhios a' breith nan ceàrd!
Fuich, etc.

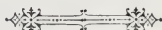
Chunnaic thu 'mhuc-mhara
'N uair a ni i séid,—
Cèd a' teachd á Coire—
Fallasg air na sléibht'—
Fuich, etc.

'S faoin sud seach an deatach
'Bhios gu tric ag iadh'
Bho 'm bus dubha, chabach,
Do 'm bheil toit mar dhia!
Fuich, etc.

Cia mar ni na càrdan
 Colum dhoibh no clòdh,
 'N uair tha 'chutag ghràineil
 Mar an ceud-ghin leò ?
 Fuich, etc.

Cutag dhubh na bidse !
 B' fheàrr nach d' thàin' i riamh ;—
 Chuir i crìoch air sguidse,
 Thug i 'm bàs do 'n t-sniamh.
 Fuich, etc.

Mar an treud a ruagadh
 Roimhe so a mach,
 Bogadh math 's a' chuan doibh,
 Mnathan an tombac !
 Fuich, etc.



COILICH-DHUNAIN LOCH-RUAILE.

Tha 'n t-òran a leanas a' leigeil ris mar a thachair do Thàilleir agus
 Greusaiche àraid a thog orra 'dh' iasgach an sgadain, agus iad air
 marachd turaineolach.

Co-SHEIRM.—Hó ! na maraichean cùiseil,
 Theab a bhi 'n crògan nan crùban !
 'S ro-mhath 'n airidh air cliù bhuam
 Coilich-dhùnain Loch-ruaile.

'S iomadh dubh-leum bheir daoine
 Eadar creathall a's caochladh ;
 Dad cha n- fhoghainn an taobh so
 Ach muir réidh do luchd-fuagheal !
 Ho ! na maraichean, etc.

Ars' am Minidh, 's e dùsgadh,
 "Ris a' ghreusachd mo chùlthaobh!"
 Fhreagair Snàth'dag an cùil e,
 "Cha 'n e 'n clùdadh 's mò buannachd."
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

Feuch a nis iad gu gleusda
 A' cur lìontan ri chéile:
 Fhuair iad sgoth air tràigh, sgreubhte,
 'S chuir iad spéideil gu cuan i.
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

Seall an sud air a' chàraid
 'Cur a h-uidheam an àird rith';—
 Bu chùis claigeann a sgàineadh
 Gach glac-ghàire mu 'n tuaiream.
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

Faic a nis i fo 'h-éideadh,
 'S iad, glé spòrsail ag éigheadh,
 "O, nach briagh i! nach treun i!
 Heich, a dhaoine nach luath i!"
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

Ach 'n uair dh' éirich muir dhùmhail
 Chaidh a' bhòilich air chùla,
 'S thuirt am Minidh, "B' fheàrr dùbailt
 'Bhi aig dùnan 's an uair so!"
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

'S mar bha 'n taoim 'dol an àirdeadh,
 B' e sud guileag na Snàth'daig,
 "A Mhinidh dhuibh tha mo bhàs ort!
 B' e 'n droch là thug mi cluas dhuit."
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

Ciod an stàth dhomh bhi 'g innseadh
 Mar a theab iad a lionadh,
 Mar a ghreas iad gu tìr leath',
 'S mar a thill iad ri 'm fuaigheal?
 Ho! na maraichean, etc.

A N U I S E A G .

Fhilidh éibhinn
 Ud tha 'g éiridh
 Air sgiath sgaoilte
 'N dàil na gréine !
 'S beag an t-ioghnadh,
 'S mi 'g ad éisdeachd,
 Mi bhi saòilsinn
 Ribheid Séruph
 Bhi 'n ad bheulan ceòlaireach.

O, eun an àigh !
 B' e 'n clod gun stàth
 Nach d' thugadh gràdh
 Do d' choirioll tlàth :—
 Bu leòir do 'n bhàrd
 Chaisg caothach *Shàul*
 Bhi leth cho làn
 Do spiorad nèamhaidh d' òrain-sa.

Ged is glé bhinn,
 Tìm a' Chéitein,
 Còisir aobhach
 Na coill gheugach,
 'S beag an éisdeachd
 Bheirinn féin doibh,
 'S tusa 'gleusadh
 Ribheid réidh a's bòidhche leam.

Sin thu shuas ud
 Nis, glé naibhreach,
 'Taosnadh nuas bh' uait
 Tuil de luath-phuinng !—
 Coirioll buadhach,
 'Tigh'n gu m' chluasan
 'N a chiad cuairteag dheòthasach.

Till, m' eun ceutach,
 Till, mu 'n d' théid thu
 Far nach faod mi
 Tuille d' éisdeachd,
 'S mu 'm fàg treubhan
 Binn nan speura
 Air bheag gleusaidh
 'N cruitein féin a dh' fhòghlum bh' uait !

Feuch nis, gu d' chuach
 'San lag ud shuas
 Thu tigh'n, le luath's
 Na dreige, nuas!
 'S math thoill do dhuan
 Bho d' leannan suairc'
 Blàth-fhàilte 's cluaineas shòlasach.



M O R O G H A I N N - S A .

Ciod am math do dhuine
 Bhi, gun fhois, gun tàmh,
 Air tòir cliù no onair?
 Faileasan gun stàth !

Ciod am feum bhi 'gearan
 Gainne ar cuid stòir?
 'S tric bha cridhe brùite
 Leis an roinn a's mò.

Fanadh fleasgaich eile
 Gus an cinn iad liath
 'Càrnadh suas, 's a' deanamh
 De 'n cuid òir an dia,

Dhòmh-sa mar mo roghainn,—
 Agus sin gun dàil—
 Crioman bòidheach fearainn
 Ann an srath mo ghràidh.

Faigheam an sud mar rium
 Bean bho theaghlach còir—
 Caileag ghnìombach, ghaolach,
 Lom-lan aoidh a's ceòl.

Toilicht' le a cuibhrionn,
 Biodh e pailt no gann,—
 Sud an té bu spòrs leam
 Bhi 'n a màth'ir do m' chlann.



LOCH-AIC.

Cha bhiodh e furasda tachairt air loch air bith eile d' a mheudachd féin a's bòidheche na Loch-aice—an't-aon loch-uisge tha ri fhaotainn ann am fearann Chòmhaill.

Annas na linntibh a dh' fhalbh, bha Coire-'n-t-sìth (coire tha dlùth-làimh dha, agus annas an tric a mharbh seanair an ùghdair fiadh,) iomraiteach air son a mbeud 's a bha de "na daoine sìth" a' tuinneachadh ann. Cha n-'eil an dìngh fiadh ri fhaicinn ré astar leth-cheud mìle o'n Choire, agus, tubaist air na caoirich! tha na daoine-sìth féin a nis air fhàgail.

Loch mo ghaoil-sa thar gach loch
 'Se Loch-aic a' bhroillich chiùin'
 Air an tric a luidh 'n gath-gréin
 Soilleir mar uchd sèimh mo rùin

Loch nam bruach a's uaine neul—
 Loch nam bradan tarr-gheall, trom,—
 Ged nach faicear long nan crann
 Null no nall ort 'gearradh thonn,

'S leat an eala 's àille com,
 'S i neo-throm air d' uchd a' snàmh,—
 Eun a's gile cneas no 'ghrian,
 Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan bàird !

'S leat, bho Lochunn a's bho 'n t-Suain,
 An lach bheag a's uaine cùl ;
 'S tric air d' uchd fo ghunna caol
 Fras nach caomh leath' 'tuiteam dlùth.

'S leat bhi 'g éisdeachd coirioll tlàth
 Maighdinn òg a' bleodhan spréidh,
 'S buachaille a' chruidh 'g a còir
 Ceart co cheòlar rithe féin.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh gille 'n àigh
 A bhi faighinn pòig mar dhuais ;
 Cha 'n ann tearc air a' cheart sgàth
 Fhuair mi féin pòg bhlàth 'n ad chuairt.

C' àite 'n taitneach leis an earb
 Bhi gu minic 'falbh le 'laoigh ?
 C' àite 'n tric' a leònas luaidh
 Leannan ruadh na circe-fraoich ?

C' àite, ach taobh loch mo rùin—
 Far, fo sgàth nan stùchd ud thall,
 'S an robh uair mo dhaimh glé thiugh,
 Ged tha iad an diugh air chall.

Loch mo chridhe ! thoir dhomh féin
 Oidheche Céitein ann ad chuairt
 A measg fàile roid a's fraoich,
 'S toirm nan leum-uisge 'n am chluais,—

Boillsge gealaich air an raon,
 Dealt na h-oidhche air gach guc,
 'S rionnagan, 'n an siubhal siar,
 Le 'n glòir féin 'cur sgiamh air d' uchd.

'N uair tha 'n clobair, 's e 'n a shuain,
 'Faicinn mada-ruadh 'n a threud,
 'Se dian-stuigeadh nan con-luath
 Gu bhì shuas mu 'n dean e beud.

Sud an t-àm a thoirt do bhàrd
 Greim air smuaintean àrd gun dìth;
 Sud an t-àm 's an tug thu gràdh,
 Eilidh bhàn, do 'n fhilidh shìth.

Uair dhi bhi, 's a' ghlòmain dlùth,
 Air taobh Eachaig shios leath' féin,
 Chualas feadan a thug bàrr
 Air gach ceòl tha 'n diugh fo 'n ghréin.

Dh' éisd i, 's mar a b' fhaide dh' éisd,
 'S ann bu bhinne teud a' chiùil;
 Lean i—'s mar a b' fhaide 'lean
 B' fhaide às an coirioll ciùin.

Ràinig i mu dheireadh cnoc—
 Dorus fosgailt air a thaobh—
 'S dlùth dha, còisir a chuir fàilt'
 Oirre 'n sud le mòran aoidh.

“Thig a stigh leinn Eilidh bhàn!
 Thig, a ghràidh, gun eagal beud:
 Feuch an oidhche dhubh mu 'n cuairt—
 'S fada bh' uait do dhachaidh féin!”

Chaidh i steach, gun fhiamh, gun éis,
 Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a' chiùil,
 Dh' òl i 'n deoch bu deoch do chàch,
 'S tuille riamh cha d' fhàg i 'n dùn.

GLEANN-URCHADAIN.

Eadar-theangaichte bho bhàrdachd Bheurla an ùghdair.

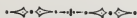
Fàilt' ort, a Ghlinn a's grinne loinn !
 Gleann-Urachadan nan coillte sèimh !
 Aon ghleann cho iomlan riut-sa 'n sgiamh
 Gu'm b' fhaoin bhi 'g iarraidh mach á nèamh.

'N uair chaidh an Srath ud thall a dhealbh.
 Bha 'choslas garbh, gun dreach gun lìobh ;
 Bu bheag an dolaidh, 's thus' aig làimh
 Mar Phàrras, gun aon mhaise dhìth !

Na raointean ud le 'm mìlte blàth,
 Na h-uillt' ud 'ruith le ceòl gu srath,
 An Loch ud shuas, 's na cluaint' ud shìos
 Bu leòir chur dreach air Tìr nam Flath.

'N a leithid so de ghleann, ar leam,
 Thug Tùbal binn a' Chruit do 'n t-saogh'l :
 'N a leithid—leannanachd gun àgh—
 Ghabh Mic nan Nèamh air mnathan gaol.

O gleann nan òigh a's bòidhche cruth !
 Nam biodh e ceadachd, mo làimh,
 Gu'm faicte fathast Mic nan Spear
 Gu tric an taobh so 'sireadh gràidh !



AM FOGHANNAN—

SUAICHEANTAS NA H-ALBA.

AIR Fonn—“*Oran nam Fìneachan Gàidhealach.*”

'S e Fogh'nan na h-Alba, lus ainmeil nam buadh,
 Lus grinn nan dos calgach thug dearbh air bhi cruaidh ;
 Sean-suaicheantas mòrail tìr bhòidheach mo luaidh—
 'S tric dh' fhadaich a dheagh-chliù tein'-éibhinn 'n am
 ghruaidh.

Lus deas nam meur cròchdach nach leònar le stoirm—
 Ged 's ionnan teachd ceàrr air 's laoch dàna fo arm,
 'S leis clòimh tha cho maoth gheal ri faoileag na tràigh,
 'S barr-ghuchdan cho chiùin-ghorm ri sùilean mo ghràidh.

Mo dhùthaich, cha 'n ioghna mòr-chliù air thigh'n bhuait
 'S a liuthad buaidh-làraich 'sdeagh-ghnàth tha ris fuaight';
 An cian is le Albainn luchd-seanachais no bàrd
 Bi'dh meas air a dhealbh anns gach gorm bhoineid àrd.

Sluagh borb, le droch rùn dha, 's tric bhrùchd air a nuas—
 'S tric bhrùchd, ach, gun taing dhoibh, a cheann chum e
 suas :

'N uair shaoil iad bhi buadhach, 's ann fhuair iad fàth
 bròin :

Feuch ! 'cinn thar an uaighean an Cluaran gun leòn !

Mo bheannachd gu bràth air ! cia 'n Gàidheal no 'n Gall
 Nach seasadh gu bàs e, 'g a theàrnadh bho chall ?
 Cò, iosal no uasal, bheir cluais do mo dhàn
 Nach òladh leam “ buaidh leis ” bho chuachana làn !

RANNAN-CUMHAIDH:

AIR CLUINNTINN GU 'N DO CHLAOCHAIL MAIGHDEAN A BHA
COMHARRAICHTE AIR SON A BOIDHCHEAD, AGUS DO 'N
D' THUG AM BARD MORAN SPEIS.

Och, mo chridhe ! ciod e 'n ceòlan
Chuireas fògradh air do chràdh-lot ?
Cha 'n e fonn nam feadan glé-bhinn
No ceòl theud an diugh ni stàth dhuit.

Mo thruaighe mise nach sgeul-bréige
An dubh-sgeul tha nis ri ìnnscadh !
M' eudail-sa de mhnàidh an domhain
'Bhi 's a' chiste-chumhann sìnnte !

'N uair tha tosdachd cho neo-thìmeil
Air a' ghuth bha caoimhneil, aobhach,
'S ùir a' falachadh na h-ìomhaidh
Nach fac' duine riamh gun ghaol dhi,—

'N uair 's e ùrlar fliuch na h-uaigne
Th' aig mo luaidh mar leaba-phòsaidh—
'N uair 's e 'm Bàs fear-bainnse m' uain-sa,
Cò nach sìleadh cuan de dheòiribh ?

'N uair tha coimhearsnaich gun dìth leinn
Thun na cill glé dheas a' gluasad,
C' uime, nach do thuit na 'n còmhail
An gath geur a leòn mo luaidh-sa ?

Ciod e dhòmh-sa teachd an Earraich ?
Cha n-'eil m' uiseag tuille ceòlmhor ;
Mhill an doirionn mo lios cùbhraidh,
Shearg an reothadh m' ùr-ròs bòidheach.

Maighdeanan a chunntar maiseach
 Gus am faicear iad 'n a làth'ir-sa,
 Faodaidh nis bhi sgur de 'n eudachd—
 Cha chuir m' eudail tuille sgàil orr'.

C' uime, 'Sheònaid, rinn thu m' fhàgail?
 Cha b' e d' àbhaist bhi 'cur cùl rium:
 C' uime dh' fhàg iad thu 'n ad aonar
 'S rùm gu leòir do d' leannan dlùth ort?

Luchd nam breuga, 's tìm dhuibh luath-ghair
 Thogail suas;—ged 's tric gu dìomhain
 B' àill leibh m' eudail fhàgail fuar rium—
 Feuch mar d' fhuair sibh nis 'ur n-iarrtas!

Ann an oidhche 's duibhe chunnas
 Bristidh rionnag ris air uairibh,
 'S cha bhi 'n geamhradh daonnan fionnar
 Ged tha m' aimheal-sa gu h-uaigne.

Ann an snàith'n na beatha truaigh so
 'S mairg a dheanadh uaill gun mheasgadh;
 Far am b' ionmhuinne leinn buan e
 'S ann a's luaithe ni e bristeadh.

'S minic is e chraobh a's grinne
 A ni 'n dealanach a stròiceadh;
 'S minic is e 'n t-eun a's binne
 A ni 'n t-seobhag nimh a leònachd.

'N ròs a's grinne dath 's a' ghàradh
 'S e gun dàil a théid a ghlacadh;
 'S, och nan och! an cridhe 's blàithe
 'S e 's luaithe chàirear fo na leacaibh.

Có b' e thuirt riut "Tìr na Dì-chuimhn'"
 Uaigne dhuibh! cha b' fhèrrinn dha sud;
 Dhaibh-san a bheir luchd an gaoil dhuit
 Tìr na cuimhne, Tìr an cràidh thu!

Ma thig, ré mo chuairt air thalamh,
 Dhòmh-sa tuille aiteal sòlais,
 'S ann, a rùin, an cois nam bruadar
 Bheir gun taing do 'n uaigh sinn còmhla,—

Bruadairean a bhios mar dhearbh dhomh
 Nach ann marbh ach beò a tha thu,
 'S gu 'n tig fathast latha dh' fhaodas
 M' fhaicinn-sa ri d' thaobh geal, gràdhach.

Mo chiad rùn, 's mo rùn gu bràth thu ?
 Gus an càirear leac a's ùir orm
 Bi'dh mo chridhe daonnan làn dhiot.
 Bi 'dh 'n am dhàn 's 'n am chòmhradh cliù ort.



AN T-EILTHIREACH SGIATHANACH

'AN TIR CHEIN.

AIR FOKN,—“*A Mhàiri bhòidheach, 's a Mhàiri ghaolach.*”

Oran a rinneadh ri linn fuadacha nan Sgiathanach bho 'n cuid
 fearainn ann an Sléibhte, air a' bhliadhna 1851.

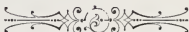
An nochd, 's mi 'm aonar 'an tìr nach miann leam,
 S tric tigh'n air m' aire an t-eilean Sgiathach ;
 Ged leig e bhuaith mi air tuar glé mhiapaidh
 Bi'dh gaol glé bhlàth air gu bràth 'n am chliabh-sa.

Mo dhachaidh rùin ! coma leam cia suarach
 An sùilean pàirt d' aghaidh cheòthach, chruachach,
 Ged b' ann gu Eden a dh' fhògrar bh' uait mi,
 Cha n- 'eil mi cinnteach nach bithinn gruamach.

O, air son seachduinn de fheachd na Féinne
 Gu crathadh cruaidh thoirt do 'n chuanal bhreunail,
 Tha, air sgàth siol na circ' liath 's na h-éilde,
 A' creach 'sa' cràdh sliochd nan sàr-laoch treun ud!

Na 'm biodh tu tighinn uair eile 'Theàrlaich,
 Feadh ioma gleann 's an robh suinn gun àireamh
 A rachadh uallach gu buaidh no bàs leat
 'S e 'm fiadh 's a chaor' bhiodh amhàin 'cur fàilt' ort.

O, gu ma luath thig an uair a chiotar
 Do thriathan sanntach 'an cuing nach caomh leo,
 Sliochd dhaoine còir air gach làmh 'g ad lionadh,
 A's tim nam bàirlinn gu bràth air dì-chuimhn'!



LAOICH-TAOBH-NA-GRIOSACH.

AIR FONN—"Fair a nall dhuinn am botul."

Chaidh an t-òran a leanas a sgrìobhadh ri linn do 'n bhàrd bhi 'n a ghille glé òg, 's a' bhliadhna 1832. Bha 'n Fhraing air an àm a' bagradh dol a chogadh ri Breatunn--ni a thug air luchd-riaghlaidh na tìre sin a bhi 'faicinn iomchuidh Feachd-dùthcha a chur air chois. Ghluais an t-òrdugh a thàinig a mach ann an lorg na cùise, àireamh nach b' fhiù de ghillean òga air feadh na dùthcha gu bhi a' dian-shireadh teisteanas lighichean trid am faodadh iad an ainmean féin fhaighinn a mach á àireamh na muinntir a dh' fheumadh seasamh ri 'n crann. Chuir sud mòran mìothlachd air a' bhàrd, agus thug e dhoibh ann an "Laoich-taobh-na-griosach" an cronachadh bha dligheach dhoibh. Chaidh an t-òran a tha tighinn 'n a dhéigh—"Suas leis an fhéile phreasach,"—a dheanadh air a' cheart àm, mar mhisneachadh dhoibh-san a bha os ceann dòighean tàireil chàich a leantainn.

'S ann air fearann an fhraoich thàinig caochladh gle mhór,
 Tha laoich-taobh-na-griosach innt' lìonmhor gu leòir;
 Aig an teine, ma 's fìor, tha gach aon fhear 'n a leòmh'n,
 Ach maoidh 'thoirt bho 'n luath, 's cha n-'eil gruaimean
 air dòigh!

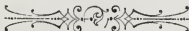
A ghruagaichean ciùin, có ni sùgradh a nis ribh?
 Ma 's fìor na fir òg chleachd bhi còmhraiteach ribh,
 'S gann aon ann am fichead dhiubh nis, Och a rìgh!
 Nach ann 'an tigh-eiridin bhuineadh dha 'bhi.

'S i so bliadhna nam bachdach 's feàrr astar na càch,
 'S i so bliadhna nan stacach bheir feairt air na 's àill,—
 Bliadhna laoi ch nan euchd tapaidh 'n àm itheadh a' chàil,
 Ach taigr̃, dhoibh an gunna, 's théid guileag an àird!

Bliadhna laoi ch na mèis bhrochain,—fir sgairteil gu leòir
 'N àm rùsgadh nan cnap no 'cur corc ann am feòil—
 Na 'm b' fhìrinn an deicheamh de 'n leth-sgeulan bròin,
 B' fhaoin eucailleas Lasarus làmh ri 'n cuid leòn.

Beir bhuam iad! beir bhuam iad! na truaghain gun nàir,
 So slàinte nan sonn ghabh ri 'n crannachur le fàilt!
 'S feàrr aon ghràine sìl na làn dùirn de mholl fàs;
 'S ma théid iadsan thar cuan, 's ann gu buaidh anns gach
 blàr.

Sud nòs gach fìor-Ghàidheal anns gach àrfaich 's am bi
 Iad gualainn ri gualainn, a' bualadh a sìos,—
 Ceòl pìoba 'n an cluasan le nuallan neo-chli,
 'S bàs aithghearr o 'n làimh do gach nàmhaid nach strìochd!



BUAIDH LEIS AN FHEILE PHREASACH

AIR FONN.—“*Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheatha.*”

SEISD —Buaidh leis an fhéile phreasach !
 Buaidh leis na laoich do 'n deis' e !
 Cuanal nan euchdan treiseil,
 'S mairg a thogadh sgraing orra.

'N uair tha 'n Fhraing a' bagradh bhuillean,
 'S mithich bhi cur suas na culaidh
 'S tric chuir sgàth air àl nam muilleag,
 'S a dh' fhàg Breatunn ceannsail.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Coma c' àit' air bith fo 'n ghréin ud
 Gheibhear gillea geal an fhéilidh,
 'S e grad-spadadh no *ratreuta*
 Gheibh gach nàmh thig teann orra.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Ciùin mar mhaighdeannan trà sìochainnt—
 Leòmhainn threun 'an streup nam mìlte—
 Laoich le 'm b' àille 'm bàs na strìochdadh,
 Sud an sìol tha 'm ranntachd !
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Có fhuair onair *Fontenòidh*,
Waterloo, 's *Corunna* còmh' ris ?
 Có ach iadsan nach teich òirleach
 Ged robh còig ri aon fhear.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

Nis uair eile, ma 's feum bualadh
 Ann am bad nam Frangach guanach,
 Clis, mar dhuilleach anns a' chuairt-ghaoth
 Bithidh ruaig gun taing orra.
 Buaidh leis, etc.

A N L O N - D U B H .

A lòn-duibh, a lòn-duibh, is glé bheag tha thu 'm feum
Air bhi teicheadh uam féin le do cheòl ;—
B' e 'n sealgair gun umhail a chuireadh 'n ad dhéigh
An luaidh leis am faodadh do leòn.

A lòn-duibh, a lòn-duibh, 's leat-sa 'n diugh thar gach eun
An ribheid a's feàrr thig ri m' fhoon ;
'S dearbh leam nach e idir an fhaireachdainn fhaoin
Dh' fhàg d' òran cho dòlasach, trom.

A lòn-duibh, 'bheil do leannan riut coimheach no dùr,
'S i a tabhairt cluas dhùint' do d' cheòl tlàth ?
O, 's cinnteach nach 'eil,—b' ise ghogaid gun tùr
Nach mealladh 's nach maoth'chadh do dhàn.

A lòn-duibh, 'ne gun d' fhuair an druid buaidh ort ri ceòl
Aobhar uaigneach a' bhròin tha 'n ad chrìos ?
No 'n d' fhuair thu an nead 's an robh d' isinean òg
Air a' creachadh le gàrlach gun iochd ?

A lòn-duibh, a lòn-duibh, an d' thug clamhan an t-sléibh
No 'n speireag bhuaite d' aon-leannan gràidh,
'G ad fhàgail an diugh air an dol so a' caoidh,
Glé dhiamhain, a caomh-chomunn blàth ?

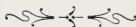
A lòn-duibh, ma 's fìor sud, tha mi duilich do d' thaobh,
Le co-fhaireachdainn chaomh, mar is dual
Do neach tha, 'n ad chor, 'faicinn ceart a chor féin :—
Eisd, 'us innsidh mi aobhar mo ghruaim.

A lòn-duibh, 's dearbh gur cuimhne leat rìbhinn mo ghaoil,
An cailin a b' aobhaiche snuadh.
'S is tric a dh' éisd còmhla rium d' òran 's a' chraoibh,
Ann an coill Bhaile-'n-t-saoir an sud shuas.

A lòn-duibh, mar dhriùchd Màighe fo bhlàth-shùil na gréin'
 Bho 'n talamh rinn m' eudail grad-thriall ;
 Bha h-ìomhaigh cho nèamhaidh 's nach ioghnadh leam féin
 Na h-ainglibh bhi 'n déigh air mo chiall.

A lòn-duibh, a lòn-duibh, nis 'an coille nam blàth—
 Leig leam a bhi lànfh riut a' caoidh ;
 Cha n- ann do na h-uile eun dh' innsinn-sa fàth
 Trom osnaidhean cràiteach mo chrìdh' !

Ach stadam mo bhròn : 's olc mo chòir air bhi 'caoidh,
 'Cur milleadh air aoibhneas mo ghràidh ;
 B' fheàrr sealltuinn gu fòil air an dòigh anns am faod
 Mi bhi fathasd 'n a caoin-chaidreamh blàth.



TEISTEANAS CHLUDAIN.

Ged 's muldach ri ràdh e,
 Tha seud am baile lànfh rium
 A chrochadh air son pàigheadh
 A' mhàth'ir thug cìoch a broillich dha.

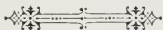
LUINNEAG.—Seinn, ruaig nan con air Clùdan !
 Seinn, ruaig nan con air Clùdan !
 Gur mòr an nàir do 'n dùthaich
 An sgrùdair ud bhi fanachd innt'.

Cha bhithinn féin ro-earbsach
 Nach faighear e, tìmh falbh dhi,
 Ri lighich 'deanadh baragan—
 “Mach d' airgiod, 's bheir mi cailleach dhuit.”
 Seinn, etc.

Mo thruaigh air gach diol-déirce
 A thig fo iochd a' bhéisd ud,—
 Cha bhiodh iad dh' easbhuidh aoidheachd
 Na 'm fòghnadh beum a's mionnachadh !
 Seinn, etc.

Cha 'n iongantach an t-sròin sin
 Bhi air ceart dath na mòine,
 'S na tha bho mhoch gu glòmuin
 De shnaoisinn chàich 'g a sparradh innt'.
 Seinn, etc.

Na 'm b' urrainn idir dha-san
 A mhaoin thoirt leis, 'n uair 's bàs dha,
 Cha 'n fhàgadh e aig càch
 Na ni 'n léine-bhàis a cheannach dha.



ORAN - MOLAIDH AIR COMUNN

GAIDHEALACH BAILE THORONTO, 1858.

Ciad fàilt' air a' Chomunn an dé a rinn coinneamh
 Gu dùthchas a's duinealas 'chumail a suas—
 Seann-dhùthchas nan Gàidheal, an cliù a's an cànan—
 A' chainnt sin a thàinig bho Adh'mh dhuinn a nuas ;
 Mar sin a's an t-éideadh do'n dualchas a' cheud àite
 'N seòmar nan déile no 'n caonnag nan tuadh ;—
 Sàr-chomunn mo chridhe ! Cha'n ioghnadh ged bhithinn
 An so, mar a's dligheach, a' guidhe dhuibh buaidh.

B'e 'm beud e, da rìreadh, na'n deanamh sibh dì-chuimhn'
 Air Ceòlraidh, 'ur dùthcha.—fior dhùthaich nam Bàrd
 Bho Oisean, a's Faolan gu Donnacha Bàn beul-bhinn,
 Cò'n tìr sin fo'n ghréin air a h-aosdain bheir bàrr?
 Cò'n neach leis nach sòlas bhi 'n cuideachd luchd òrain?
 Deagh iomradh 'nan còmhradh mo stòr agus m' àgh;
 Bi'bh sibh-se nis dìleas do chleachduinn co rìoghail,
 'S a chaoidh cha téid dìth air cainnt ghrinn nam beann
 àrd.

Cha n-eòl domh toil-inntinn a's mò na bhi cluinntinn
 Pìob mhòr nan dos enaimh-gheal a's fonnmhoire fuaime;
 'Nuair théid i gu còmhradh air faiche no 'n seòmar,
 B'e 'n ceòl thar gach ceòl leam a torman 'n am chluais,
 'N àm lannan a rùsgadh, 's na h-àrmuin do 'n rùn i
 Air nàimhdean a' brùchdadh le gnùisean gun ghruaim,
 Suas "Gilleann an Fhéile" air pìoban deagh-ghleusach,
 'S cha duilich a leughadh cò'n taobh a gheibh buaidh?

'S iad cleachduinn nach measa gu neartachadh chrìosa,
 Bhi 'tilgeadh a' Chabair 's a' cur na Cloich-neirt;
 'Se sud a rinn làidir ar n-athraichean tà'chdach,—
 Mo thruaigh iad thig ceàrr orr' a's stàilinn na'n glaic!
 Am fear leis an suarach bhi 'g altrum no luaidh air
 Gach lùth-chleas grinn, uasal ta 'n uair so 'n ur beachd,
 Cha deanainn a chàineadh, ged 's cinnteach a tà mi
 Gur sìochaire gràndd' e bho àl air bheag tlachd.

Ged 's mithich nis dhòmh-sa 'bhi crìochnachadh m' òran,
 Tha tuille gu leòir a bu mhiann leam a ràdh
 Mu dhéighinn na tìr sin tha daonnan air m' inntinn—
 Seann-Albainn do-chìosnaicht', do'n Fhìrinn thuggràdh.
 Ciad, soraidh thar chuan bhuam g'a h-ionnsaidh! Mo
 chruadal,
 Bhi 'n so, mar eun-fuadain, fad' uaip,— ach ged tha,
 Mu 'n téid às mo smuainte tìr àluinn nan cruach-bheann
 Bithidh 'n crìdhe so fuar anns an luathre a' cnàmh!

CLACH ANN AN CARN PHADRUIG.

B' e Pàdruig MacGriogair—an Gàidheal urramach air am bheil na rannan so a' deanamh luaidh—aon de eadar-theangairean bàrdachd Oisean gu Beurla. Bha e, ré ioma bliadhna, 'na Cheann-suidhe do Chomunn Gàidhlig baile Thoronto, far an do chaochail e trid Ceud mhios na bliadhna, 1882.

Mo thruaighe mise nach breug dhomh
 An dubh-sgeula gun iarraidh
 Thàinig feasgar an dé oirnn,
 Le trom-éislein gu m' lionadh !
 Mo rùn-charaid bu chaoine
 Còmhradh beusan a's iomhaigh,
 A bhi 'n diugh air an déile,
 Och mo léireadh ! 'na shineadh.

Am fear-cuideachd bha geanail,
 An t-àrd-sgoilear mor-chliùiteach,
 An deas theangair binn-bhileach,
 An sar-sheanachaidh tùrail,—
 Fear bha spòrsail mu 'n chànain
 Thug a mhàth'ir aig a glùn dha.—
 'S tric a fhuair a cuid nàimhdean
 Buillean-bàis le deagh-rùn bh'uaithe.

'S beag an t-ìoghna a càirdean
 Anns gach àite bhi gruamach.
 'N déigh an dochunn do-chàradh
 O cheann ràidhe a fhuair i.
 'S gann a dh-fhuaraich fo'n talamh
 An deagh "Sgiathanach*" suairce,
 'Nuair a thilgte 'n gath guineach
 'Rinn 'fhear-cinnidh a bhualadh.

*The late Rev. Alexander MacGregor, of Inverness, whose contributions to Gaelic literature are so widely known and so justly admired.

O ! 'n Gàidheal thar gach Gàidheal
 Rinn e fhàgail 'san tìr so,—
 B' fhasa mìle dhiu sheachnadh
 Na esan 'na aonar !
 Tuiteam air mar chrann greadhnach,
 Nì gaoth éitidh a spìonadh
 'S gann bu mheasa do 'n Fhéinne
 Fionn e-féin a bhi dhìth orr'.

B' ann leat féin, 'fhir mo chridhe,
 Leis am minic bu spòrs leam
 Bhi 'cur seachad na h-oidhche
 'S a' mhodh chaoimhneil bu nòs leat,
 'S ann an sud bhiodh an iomairt
 Air ceòl fhiodhall a's òrain,
 Gun dad dì-chuimhn air euchdan
 Ghaisgich threunail tìr m' òige.

Có a nis 'na Cheann-suidhe
 Ann ad ionad-sa chàirear
 Aig a' Chomunn do 'n robh thu
 'D ursainn-catha cho làidir ?
 Spiorad Oisean 'n ad chridhe,
 'S a dhàin mhilis 'n ad bhlàth-ghuth ;
 'S gann bu mhodha chuis-éibhneis
 Leinn e-féin bhi 'n ad àite !

Ciod an stà a bhi dubhach ?
 Cha toir cumha bho 'n Eug thu ;
 Mìle beannachd, mata, leat ;
 'S Rìgh nan gràs a bhi réidh riut !
 Gu ma buan do chàrn-cuimhne,
 'S e tré linntean an déigh so
 Measg luchd-labhairt na Gàidhlig
 'N àird 's nì's àirde ag éiridh.

AN CEANNAICHE EUCORACH.

B' e 'n "ceannaiche," Gàidheal mosach a bha car iomadh bliadhna
'n a fhear-malairt ann an aon de bhailte Ontario,—fear a dh' fhàs
beairteach le 'bhi 'gabhail cothrom air daoine còire a mhuinntir a
dhùthcha féin, air do 'n éiginn a bhi 'g an cur fo a chomraich.

Fhir mhaoil nam beusan sionnachail,
'S a' mhaoin a chinn gun bheannachadh,
B' fheàrr leam dol bàs le gainne
Na bhi 'n cas-bheairt fear do chliù.

A bhiastag mhosach, mhàganach,
Gur mairg a chanadh Gàidheal riut;
Bhi 'deanadh 'n dia de *Mhàmmòn*
Cha b' e àbhaist sliochd mo rùin.

Cha n- ionann 's tusa, 'shlòchaire,
A chinn le spùinn a's spìocaireachd;
Cùis ghràin do dhaoine dìreach thu,—
B' e 'm beud thu bhi 'n an cùirt.

Na 'n cuirinn sìos na chuala mi
Mu d' chleasan lùbach, cuairteagach,
Bhiodh daoine còir, a's luath-choin leo,
'G ad ruagadh às an dù'ich.

Na 'm faigheadh muinntir éiginneach
An deicheamh de 'n a reub thu uap',
Am màireach bu diol-déirce thu,—
Dhuit féin 's math 's aithne 'chùis.

Ma 's flor na thu'irt an gnàth-fhocal
Mu dheireadh luchd droch àbhaistean,
Thig latha ort nach fàgar leat
Na chàras tu fo 'n ùir.

Gabh earail,—sguir de d' mhì-bheusan
Air neo 's e cainb 's ceann-crìche dhuit,
'S do bhràth'ir, am fitheach ciocrasach,
'G a d thìodhlacadh 'n a bhrù!

A N R O S.

Chunnaic mi an dé fo bhlàth
 Ròsan bha de bhòichead làn—
 Flùr bu mhath leam fada slàn,
 'S driùchd nan nèamh mar lòn dha.
 Ach an diugh, 's mo shùil 'n a dhéigh,
 Feuch blàth-bòidheach an là dé
 Le cheann lùbte, 's beachain bhreun
 Air gach taobh 'g a stròiceadh !

Leasan dhuit-se, éiteag chiùin
 Dh' fhaodas a bhi 'g éisdeachd rium,—
 'N uair a's mò do chòir air rùn
 'S ann 's mò d' fheum air faicill ;
 Oir, mar bheachain measg nam blàth,
 Tha Foill, Cùl-chainnt 's Eud, a ghnàth,
 Deas gu d' bhruthadh ;—seall, mata,
 Nach bi 'n àilleas aca.



G O I D B H E A N N A B A I N N S E .

AIR F O N N,—“ *Gilleán an fhéilidh.* ”

“ Hug a's horò ! 'illeán 's e 'bhanais i !
 Hug a's horò ! ithibh a's òlaibh !
 Hug a's horò ! slàinte a's sonas dhi—
 Bean-bainnse luranach Baran na Sròine ! ”
 Ach coma cia sùrdail
 Bha 'm Baran 's a lùchairt
 Cha b' ann mar sud sùrd na h-òigh chiùin bu chùis glòir
 dhoibh,
 Dé so dhùisg smalan dhi ?
 'N dùileag ! 's ann dh' aindeoin di
 Thàtar 'g a ceangal ri Baran na Sròine.

“Greas, greas, a Dheòrs’ thar a mhunadh ort!
 ’Stigh air Gleannfionnart gu h-ealamh gu d’ Mhòraig!
 Greas, greas, mar math leat a’ chruinneag ud
 ’Nochd a bli laidhe le Baran na Sròine!”
 Gun éisdeachd ri tuille,
 Gu h-aigeantach, ullamh
 Chaidh Deòrsa do’n mhunadh le buidhean mhath còmh’lris:
 Sud mar an dealanach
 Null thar a’ bhealach iad!
 Eiridh an donas do Baran na Sròine!

Uist! uist! cluinnibh a’ bhruidhinn ud
 Grad a’ cur stad air gach cleasachd a’s òran!
 “Theich a’ bhean òg le Deòrsa nan Tullachain!
 Clis às an déighidh gach duine ’s an t-seòmar!”
 ’S e ’n sealladh b’ fhiach fhaicinn
 An iomairt bha aca
 Feadh chàrn agus chnoca gu teth anns an tòir ud,
 ’S am Baran, gu treunail,
 ’N am meadhon ag éigheach,
 “Buaile bhò-laoigh ’n fhear bheir greim dhomh air
 Deòrsa!”

’S mall, ’s mall, a bhodaich a leanas tu,—
 Till, till, ’s dean cailleach a phòsadh!
 Mur maith leat droch dhiol bhì ort féin a’s na bhuineas
 dhuit,
 Mholainn dhuit fuireachd fad claidheamh bho Dheòrsa.
 Bha fathasd na reultan
 ’S an athar, ’n àm tearnadh
 Do Dheòrsa ’s do cheud rùn air taobh eile Chòmhaill.
 An ruig mi leas lnnseadh
 Mu ’n bhanaid ùr, rìomhach
 Glé luath bu cheann-crìche do threubhantas Dheòrsa.



CRONAN-CADAIL LEANABH BEAN A' CHIBEIR.

Is cuimhne leam, air dhomh bhi fathasd ann am ghiullan beag, a bhi 'g éisdeachd, le toileachas mòr, ri séisd an òrain a leanas 'g a sheinn le mnaoi chòir a b' aithne dhomh, mar òran-cadail do leanabh-clìche. Air dhomh a bhi nis a' cur an ceangal ris rannan, freagarrach do spiorad a' chiùil, 's e an ni bha na 'm aire crònan cho milis a chumail air chuimhne. So agaibh, mata, an oidhirp a thug mi air sin a dheanamh.

AIR Fonn.—“*Siud o, siud i, siud m' ullachan,—
Cha chiùrr mi thu, 's cha bhuail mi thu.*”

SEISD :—O bà, O bà, mo chiallan beag !
Gu 'm bheil mi air mo phianadh leat !
O bà, O bà, mo nionag bheag,
Cha n- fhaigh mi fear am bliadhna dhuit !

O caidil clis, mo chòcharan !—
Ged 's faoin dhomb bhi g' a ìnnseadh dhuit,
'S olc thug do chéile ciobaire,
A' chuibhioll a bhi dìomhanach.
O bà, O bà, etc.

Ma thig an latha phòsas tu,
Bì'dh feum air plaide chlòimh agad ;
A's gheibh thu sin, ma 's beò dhuinn e,
Le deise bhreacain còmhla ris.
O bà, O bà, etc.

Cha taghainn-se mar chéile dhuit
Fear-malairt carach, beul-bhreugach ;
'S e b' annsa leam ri d' thaobh geal-se,
Fear-baile a's crodh-laoigh aige.
O bà, O bà, etc.

Am fear a gheibh mo leanabh-se,
 B'ìdh tochradh aige dh' fhanas leis
 'N a dreach 's na dòighean banalta,—
 B'e dual a dream bhi ceanalta.

O bà, O bà, etc.

Uist! uist! a ghràidh ghil, uaineinich,—
 Cha b' àill le d' mhàth'ir bhi gruamach riut,
 'S a' bhlàth na d' chruth 's na d' ghruidhean rùin
 Gur h-ann o nèamh a fhuair mi thu.

O bà, O bà, etc.

Mu dheireadh thall, mo rùnag bheag,
 Tha do dhà shùil ghorm dùinte nis;
 'N uair thig, a ghràidh, tìm dùsgadh dhuit
 B'ìdh broilleach bàn 'g a rùsgadh dhuit!

O bà, O bà, etc.



GUILEAG BEAN OG AN T-SEANN-DUINE.

AIR FONN.—“*Brigis Mhic-Ruaridh.*”

A thé sin le 'n deònach
 Buan-aireachas brònach,
 Dean bodach a phòsadh le buaile thiugh;
 'S ma 's math leat bhi reòidhte
 'Am meadhon au òg-mhios,
 Le laitse de 'n t-seòrs' ud cha truagh leam thu.

SEISD.—Mo thruaigh, mo thruaigh an té sin r'a beò
 'Gheibh seann-duine breòite fuaighte rith'!
 Fhuair mise fear grinn dhiubh,—
 Ged bhiodh e 's na h-Innsibh
 Bhiodh gearan gun tàmh air an fhuachd aige;
 'S ged chunnta tu sìos dha
 Uil'-ionmhas na rìoghachd
 Cha deanadh tu 'chriombaireachd fhuadachadh.

Ma bheir mi do 'n fheumach
 An crioman a's faoine
 'S e bagradh a's beum gheibh mi bhuaithes-san ;
 'S Di-dònaich do 'n eaglais
 Cha téid e, air air eagal
 An ladar bhi tighinn m' a thuaiream innt'.
 Mo thruaighe, etc.

Le cànrán a's casdaich
 A leithid cha 'n fhacas,
 'S e 'n impis bhi tachdte—mo thruaigh mi leis !
 Daor phoca na plàighe—
 Cha ghabhadh tu pàigheadh
 'S bhi mionaid 'n a fhàile 'n uair bhuaileas air !
 Mo thruaighe, etc.

'N uair théid e gu m' leaba,
 Ged bhithinn gun chadal,
 Cha sùgradh no mire a's dualach dha,
 Ach srann agus ròmhán
 Mar mhada 'n cuil-mòine ;—
 Cha b' ionnán 's fear òg dheanamh cluaineis rium.
 Mo thruaighe, etc.

Mo chreach air an là sin
 A thug mi mo làmh dha !
 Cha robh ann ach fearna 'n uair b' uaine e—
 Stoc reudanach, gealaicht'
 Gun duilleach, gun fhaillein,—
 B' e deireadh gach donais bhi fuaighte ris !
 Mo thruaigh, etc.



GILLEAN GLUN-GHEAL NAM BREACAN.

AIR FONN.—“*'S beag mo shunn ris an lionn.*”

SEISD.—Thogainn cliù nam fear ùr
 A chuir ùigh anns an tarstan !
 B' e mo rùn bhi 'n an cùirt,
 Gillean glùn-gheal nam breacan !

Mo rùn féin na gillean àigh
 A ni Ghàidhlig a chleachdainn :
 Laoich do 'n dualchas buaidh no bàs
 Sud dhuibh àrmuinn nam breacan :
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

'Cluich no gleachd—air muir no raon—
 B' e 'n dual daonnan bhi smachdail ;—
 'S beag an t-ioghna iad bhi treun
 'S fuil na Féinne fo 'n bhreacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

An àm tachairt ris an nàmh
 'S ceart gu leòir aon ri seachd leo' ;
 Bhi 'g an gearradh sìos mar chàl
 B' e sud nòs sliochd nam breacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

A bhi 'g aithris air gach buaidh
 A tha fuaighte ri 'n eachdraidh
 Cha bhiodh deireadh gu Là-luain
 Dhomh bhi luaidh air a' bhreacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Breacan ballach nan dath grinn—
 'S tric a dhion e bho 'n t-sneachd mi ;
 'S tric le caileag laghach, chiùin
 Rinn mi sùgradh fo 'n bhreacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Eideadh 's aosmhoire ta ann—
 'N uair bu ghann gheibhte craicionn
 Aig mac Sasunnaich mu 'mhàs
 Chaith na Gàidheil am breacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Mar bhogh'-froise nan speur
 Do na neulta tha 'n taic ris,
 Tha 'n am shùil-sa thar gach bréid,
 Crùn gach éideadh, am breacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

'S beag mo bharail air an rìgh
 A chuir dìth air car tacan ;
 'S ro-mhath thoill am bodach grànd'
 Cuimhne thàireil bho 'n bhreacan.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

Nis, le gloineachan lom-làn,
 'S iolach àrd bho gach macan,
 So deoch-slàinte Tìr an Fhraoich,
 Fearann greadhnach nam breacan !
 Thogainn cliù, etc.



A MEASG NAM MARBH.

Faodaidh 'mhuinntir tha làthair, le gràdh do na dh-fhalbh,
 Le flùrain bhi 'sgèimheachadh còmhnuidh nam marbh,
 A's carraighean-cuimhn' bhi toirt iomradh glé chùin
 Air na mìltean tha 'tàmh an so, 'n sàmhchair na h-ùir,—

Ach, Uaigh, coma leam cia co grinn os do cheann
 Gheibhear cinneas nam blàth no ceòl àlach nan crann,
 Thug thu bhuam-sa na chumas mi 'n cian bhios mi beò
 'G ad chunntas mar nàmhaid neo-ghràsail gu leòir.

A spùinneadair acraich ! 's ceist leam am bheil braon'
 'S a' mhuir ud ma choinneamh gach neach do chlann daoìn'
 A fhuair thu fo d' iochd, bho linn Abeil a nuas,
 'S nach dùisg gus am feum thu do reubainn thoirt suas.

Do 'n òg mar do 'n aosda—do 'n fhaoìn mar do 'n ghlic,
 Do 'n lag mar do 'n làidir tha d' fhàilte-se 's d' iochd ;
 'S co-ionnan do d' sgòrnan am bòidheach 's an ciar,
 'S tha 'm baigear 's an rìgh air an t-aon chor 'n ad ghial.

A gheòcaire dhuaiclmidh gun truas, a's gun ghràs,
 'S tric dh' fhàg thu am maothran a' caoineadh a mhàth'r,
 'S a ghlais thu bho leannan a' gràidh an òigh chiùin
 Bha daonnan mar aingeal 'am fradharc a shùil.

Ach, Uaigh, air a lughad 's tha dh-ìochd ann ad chliabh,
 'S an déighidh gach deur a chaidh dhòrtadh ort riamh,
 Cha n-'eil thu gun chàirdean gu leòir anns gach tìr :—
 A' chaileag ro-chaoìn thug a gaol do fhear daoìdh—

A' bhantrach a' taoma nan deur os do cheann,
 'S am Bàs uaip' air reubadh a céile 's a clann—
 An t-eas-shlàinteach, fada air leaba 'g a chràdh,
 'S an t-aosda fann, sgìth—leo-san 's prìseil do thàmh.

A's esan gu sònraicht'—an naomh-dhuine liath
 Trid Gleann-sgàil-a'-bhàis a' luath-theàrnadh gun fhiamh,
 Mar gu cadal na h-oidheche an saothraiche sgìth
 'S ann le fàillte a's taing théid e 'n sealbh air do shìth,



MNATHAN AN TÌ.

AIR Fonn.—“*The Laird o’ Cockpen.*”

’Illean, nach mise bha ’m bhurraidh bochd, traugh.
 ’N uair chreid mi ’n sgeul baoth dh’ fhàg ri m’ thaobh an
 té ruadh?

“’S e féin fear an àigh a gheibh Màiri” thuirt mì,—
 “Ma ’s fìor dhomh an aithris, cha bhuin i ri tì.”

Bean gun a leithid, na ’n creidinn a màthair,
 Air son banas-tighe, grunn, modh agus nàir;—
 ’N a beachd-sa, bu chòir dhomh bhi spòrsail mar rìgh
 Na ’m faighinn a’ chaileag bha coma mu ’n tì.

Có ach mo leannan mar bhanarach spréidh!
 Có cho deas-làmhach ’an seòmar ri gréis!
 Có aig a’ chuibheall no ’clobhadh an lìn
 Bu treise na ’ghruagach bha suarach mu ’n tì!

Neo-choltach ri ioma té eile mu ’n cuairt
 A sguabas dhuit gloine gun choiteachadh suas,
 B’ fheàrr leatha dol bàs na làn meurain chur sìos—
 Deagh-bheus tha glé ainneamh ’neasg mnathan an tì.

Ach thachair am pòsadh—’Mhuire nam buadh!
 Faic sinn nis còmhla ’m bothan na truaigh!
 Thàinig na pàisdean, Ochain, a rìgh!
 A’s dh-amais mo Mhàiri dol air an tì.

A nis, ged tha ’n olainn gun ghainne mu ’n spàrr,
 Seallaibh am burraidh ’s na ragan mu mhàs!
 Cha tearc, air mo chùla, an druthag ’dol sìos!
 ’S gu ’n reiceadh i ’ceud-ghin a dh-fhaotainn an tì.

Ged ’s ainmic a h-aire air fuinneadh no fuagh!
 ’S leatha ’n t-urram oir clobha, ’s tha bhuil air mo chnuaic;
 Le olcas a bleoghan chaidh *Cheann-fhionn* an dìosg’,
 ’S gu ’n cumadh i obair ri tobar le tì.

Ann am margadh nan òigh 's e 'm fear gòrach gun tuar
 A ghabhas mar fhìrinn gach nì thig g' a chluais;
 Gu 'm b' fheàrr dha ròp-croiche mu 'amhaich na bhi
 An ceangal ri beanag do 'n iodhal an tì!



FAILTE CALLUINNE

Gu IAIN MAC-'ILLE-MHAOIL, duin'-uasal a mhuinntir Ghleanna-garr
 aidh 'an tìr Chanada, agus do 'n ionad-còmhnaidh a nis baile
 Thoronta. Oidhche na Calluinn, 1880.

Caluinn chridheil, shunndach, Iain,
 Guidheam-sa, le mòr-rùn, dhuit!
 Ged 's fhada bhuam thu, òigfhir shuairce,
 Olam cuach le sòlas ort:
 So do shlàinte! Cridhe 's blàithe
 Na tha 'tàmh fo d' chòta-sa
 Ma tha ri fhaotainn air an t-saogh'l so
 Cha mhi fhéin fhuair eòlas air.

Ged 's fada 'n céin bho Thìr an Fhraoich
 An tìr 's an deachadh d' àrachadh,
 'S glé ainmic aig an tigh no 'n taobh so
 Aon le leth do ghràdh-sa dhi.
 Tha dearbh nach faoin air sud 'n ad ghaol
 Air a' cainnt aosda, shàr-mhaiseach—
 A' Ghàidhlig mhilis thig bho d' bhilibh
 Binn mar ghuth na clàrsaiche.

O, fhir a's uaisle cridhe 's beus !
 Gun taing de d' aogas saighdeireil
 Cha mhinic gheibhear fear cho làn
 De chneasdachd, bàigh a's caoinhnealas.
 Na fhuair mi féin de d' chomunn ciùin
 Bi'dh fada 'm shùil mar oighreachd leam,
 'S mo dhùil ri tuille dheth gun dàil
 A' toirt, mar 's còir dha aoibhneas dhomh.

Cha 'n ioghna caileagan glé ghrinn
 Bhi 'n tì air gaol a mhealladh uait,—
 'S i bean an àigh thar mìle té
 An té sin a gheibh gealladh bhuaite.
 Tog ort, mata, a's tagh gun dàil
 An leug a's àille 'd shealladh dhiubh ;
 Ma gheibh thu leatha miann a' bhàird,
 'S leat gean a's gràdh nach dealaich riut.

Seadh, faigh dhuit bean bhios modhail, caoin,
 Bean ghnìomhach, ghaolach, mhin-bhriathrach,
 Té 'labhras Gàidhlig, 's i maraon,
 Bho dhaoine measail, siolmhorach.
 Gu togail suas a's cumail buan
 Deagh ainm air sluagh na tìre-so,
 Cha tuille 's còrr, an iarr no 'n oir,
 Sìol dhaoine còire, firinneach.

A nuas gu m' fhaicinn,—thig gun dàil !
 Bi'dh agad fàilte chridheil uam ;
 Bi'dh Gàidhlig againn tric mu 'n bhòrd,
 Bi'dh pailteas ceòl a's dibh' againn ;
 Bi'dh duanaireachd bàird bhinn nam beann
 A' dùsgadh roinn d' ar cridhealas,
 A's bean-an-taighe, mar ri m' chlann,
 Ort, mar air prionnsa, 'frithealadh !



BROSNACHADH-CATHA BHRUIS AIG
ALLT-A'-BHONNAICH.

(*Eadartheangaichte bho 'n Bheurla.*)

A laochraidh thug le *Wallace* buaidh,
'S tric le *Bruce* rinn cogadh cruaidh ;
'Ur beatha 'n diugh gu fois na h-uaigh,
No buaidh a's onoir shìor !

'S e so an là, 's e so 'cheart uair
Bhi 'm bad 'ur nàmh le stàilinn chruaidh :
Feuch feachd rìgh Iomhair 'maoidheadh truaigh
A's daorsa bhuan d' ar tìr :

Có na thraoighteir feallta ta ?
Có na chladhaire gun stà ?
Có, le thoil, a bhiodh na thràill ?
Clis gu m' chùla sibh !

Có, as leth rìgh Alb' 's a chòir
Le claidheamh cruaidh a bhuaineadh glòir—
Bhi saor, a'm bàs no 'm beatha, 'dheòin ?
Air aghaidh leam gu gnìomh !

Air sgàth saorsa dhuinn 's d' ar sliochd
'N diugh, 's a chaoidh, bho chuing gun iochd,
Bheir sinn buaidh a mach 's a' ghleachd,
Ged b' ann le fuil ar crì !

Sgrìos air ball do 'n fheall-rìgh bhreun !
Biodh nàmhaid marbh an lorg gach beum !—
Chum tìr ar gràidh bhi àghmhor, saor,
Nis, buaidh no bàs 's an strì !

CUIREADH GAIDHEALACH.

Earrann de rannan a' chaidh a sgrìobhadh ann an ainm Comunn Albannach Baile-'n-rìgh, mar chuireadh do 'n luchd-dùthcha gu coinneamh mhòr a bha gu bhì aca air a' bhliadhna 1863.

Fheara dùthcha,
 Feuch a' dlùth'chadh
 Là nan lùth-chleas,
 Mire 's sùgradh,
 'S gillean glùn-gheal
 A' cur smùid dhiubh
 'Tilgeadh 'n ùird 's a' mhòr-chabair !

Buaidh le còmhlan
 Nam fear mòrail
 Leis an sòlas
 Pìob a's òran !
 Sìol gun fhòtus
 Nam beann ceòthar,
 Cò nach bitheadh còmhla riuth' !

Comunn uallach
 Nan nòs uasal ;
 Fliuch no fuar e
 Bhithinn shuas leo.
 Thug na fhuair mi
 Féin de 'n suairceas
 Aonta nuadh de m' òige dhomh !



RANNAN GU CAILEAN SIOSAL.

'Se 'n duin'-uasal air an do chuireadh an "fhàilte" so aon do 'n chuideachd ainmeil sin, Comunn Gàidhlig Ionarnis. Bha e roimhe sin ré iomadh bliadhna 'na Cheann-suidhe aig Comunn na Gàidhlig ann an Lunnain. Tìr Chanada, Latha na Bliadhn' ùir, 1877.

Bliadhna mhath ùr dhuit, a Chailein !

Bu tu féin smior-cridhe Ghàidheil ;

Fear nam beusan duineil, allail,

Fear na h-inntinn chridheil, bhàigheil.

Cuimhneachadh air meud an t-sonais

Bh' agam tric 'n ad chomunn càirdeil,

'S beag an t-ioghna ged a chanainn,

Gu ma fada subhach, slàn thu !

'S tric mi 'caoidh a' mhuir mhòr shaluinn

A bhi eadar mi 's do chòmhradh ;

B' fheàrr leam leth-uair taobh do theallaich-

Na ceud bliadhna 'n taobh so 'n mhòr-chuan,

Fleadh a's ceòl a's òrain ullamh,

'S gach ni eile mar bu nòs leinn—

Nach ann againn bhiodh an Nollaig

'Nam bu leinn bhi 'n nochd ceart còmhla !

Cha d' aom riamh gu leannan-falaich

Gille 'n gaol le càil cho sùgach

'S a bhiodh agam-s', aon uair eile

Tigh'n an sealladh tìr mo dhùchais.

Beannachd oirre 's ort-sa, 'charaid !

Coma ciamar bhios a chùis ud,

Gus an téid an ùir chur tharam

Cha bhi gainne air mo rùn duibh.

Beannachd eile le mòr chàirdeas
 Dh'ionnsuidh 'n àrmuinn sin, MacMhurchaidh :*
 Gu ma fada buaidh thar gràisg leis,
 Milleadh bàis air sàil gach urchair !
 Teachd 'nam measg mar bhristeadh-fàire
 An deigh oidheche ghàbhaidh, dhorcha,
 B' olc an airidh air na Gàidheil
 Mur bi 'oidhirp ghràsail soirbheach.

Fàilte, cuideachd, dh'ionnsuidh Bhlackie,
 Filidh mear na cruite sàr-bhinn ;
 Fear na teanga sgiolta, sgaiteach,
 Ursuinn-catha dheas na Gàidhlig !
 Gu ma buan e a' cur sgapadh
 Air na coin a bheireadh bàs dhi,
 'S laoich mar thu-sa leis 'g an enapadh ;
 Co nach bitheadh leibh an sàs ann't' ?



MAIRI CHREAG-A'-GHARAIDH.

AIR FOKN.—“ *Birlinn bhàn a' chùbair.*”

Sealgaireachd an làn-daimh,
 Dhaibhsan leis an àill sud,
 Dhòmh-sa samh an t-sàile,
 'S ailm mo ghràidh na m' chumail.


SEISD.—Sud agaibh an iùbhrach,
 'Dh' fhàs siùbhlach murrach,
 Màiri Chreag-a'-ghàraidh,
 Mo bhàta lurach.

* John Murdoch, Esq., editor of *The Highlander*, Inverness, Scotland.

'S tric, mo leannan cliùiteach,
 Chaidh mi 'n ceann le sìrd leat,
 'S càch le acfhuinn bhrùite,
 Fo chroinn rùisgte ruith leis.

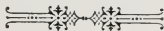
Sud thu 'n sùil na h-iar-ghaoith,
 Gu d' cheann-uidhe dian-dhol,
 Mar troimh nedil na h-iarmailt,
 Chìtear triall na h-iolair'.

Ri àm ruith nan réisean,
 Mach 's a' chòmh-stri gheur thu
 Mar gum faicte faoileann, - -
 'Snàmhadh caoil 'measg thunnag.

Coma có 'm fear uaibhreach
 Bheireadh dhiot am fuaradh,
 Bu leat falach-cuain air 
 Aig ceann shuas do thuruais.

'Nuair thig àm an iasgaich,
 Có ach thusa chiad aon,
 Fear nan lann ag iarraidh
 Cheart cho dian ri sulair.

Cha bu tusa mhàldag
 Thilleadh mar a dh-innag thu;
 'S ann a chleachd mo Mhàiri,
 Liontan làn o'n bhuinne.



R A N N - N O L L A I G E ,

Gu ALASTAIR MAC COINNICH, an t-eachdraiche ann an Ionarnis.

Latha Nollaig, 1880.

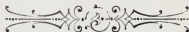
Mhic-Choinnich, Mhic-Choinnich, mo bheannachd gu
bràth ort!

'S tu féin le d' pheann deas dh' fhàg mo thigh-sa glé
stràiceil ;

Cha n- ioghna gach neach a tha 'n diugh ann fo m' chùram
Bhi mar rium a' dian-ghuidhe, Bliadhna mhath ùr dhuit.

Seadh, bliadhna mhath ùr, le mòr chliù, mar a's dligheach,
Dhuit féin a's do d' chéile—an éiteag bhlàth-chridheach ;
Ma gheibh sibh an deicheamh de ghuidhe a' bhàird dhuibh
Cha n-'eil iad ach gann do 'm buin roinn leth cho lànail.

Air d' ais ort gun dàil ! Fàilte Theàrlaich do d' shìnnis
'S leat cinnteach an ath-uair a thig thu do 'n tìr so :
Na 'm faicinn thu 'd shuidhe uair eile 'n am chùirt-sa,
Gu 'm bithinn cho storrail ri coileach air dùnan.



ORAIN GHAOIL.

ORAIN GHAOIL.

MALI BHÒIDHEACH.

AIR FÖNN,—*“Ho ró, mo nigh’n donn bhòidheach,
Mo nigh’n donn bhòidheach, bheadarrach.”*

SEISD.—Mo rùn-sa Mali bhòidheach,—
Mo rùn-sa Mali mhodhail, bhanail ;
’S ioma fear tha ’n tòir oirr’ :
Mo rùn-sa Mali bhòidheach.

Mo rùn a’ chaileag chaoin-chridheach
Bha ’n dé leam buain an eòrna,—
An lurag gheal ! na ’m faotainn-sa,
Bhiodh i ri m’ thaobh an còmhnu
Mo rùn-sa, etc.

Mar eala ’measg nam faoileagan,
No ’n ròs ri taobh nan sòbhrag,
Sud agaibh ’measg nan nionagan
An rìbhinn so a leòn mi.
Mo rùn-sa, etc.

O ’n chiad uair fhuair mi cothrom
Air bhi rithe ’faighinn còmhradh
Cha dlùithe leanas m’ fhaileas rium,
Na ìomhaigh Mali bhòidheach.
Mo rùn-sa, etc.

Cha n- e iad bhi co ciùin-ghorm
 Dh' fhàg a sùilean leam cho bòidheach,
 Ach mi bhi tric a' leughadh 'n sud
 A gaol air fear nan òran.
 Mo rùn-sa, etc.

Greas, greas, a ghrian, an latha sin
 Chi mise 's Mali pòsda ;
 'S 'n uair thig an oidheche, fuirich seachdainn
 Cùl nan cnoc, ma 's deòin leat !
 Mo rùn-sa, etc.



OIGHRIG BHOIDHEACH ACHACURRACH.

AIR FONN,—“ *Young Munro.*”

SEISD :— Rùn mo chléibh-sa 'n éiteag lurach,
 Maighdean ghrinn a' mheadhoin chaoil,—
 Oighrig bhòidheach Achacurrach,
 'S ioma gille thug dhi gaol.

'N raoir, 's mi air mo leaba 'bruadar,
 Shaoil mi, 'luaidh, thu bhi ri m' thaobh ;
 Dhùisg an sòlas tuille 's luath mi,—
 B' fhada bhuam thu 'n sin, a ghaoil !
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.

'S truagh gun a bhi 'n diugh, 's tu làmh rium,
 Aon uair eile 'n sgàth nan geug
 Far an tric mu d' mhuinneal tlà-gheal
 Bha mo làmh, 's mo bheul ri d' bheul.
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.

C' uin' a rìs 'an coill Dhailcheanna
 'Bhios bàird bheag nam preas, le eud,
 'G éisdeachd leam do choireall binnealt
 Dh' fhàg neo-mhilis an cuid theud ?
 Rùn mo chléibh, etb.

Ciod an stà dhomh a bhi 'g ìnnseadh
 Maise d' ìombaigh ghlan gun bheud ?
 Dealbh mo ghaoil a tharruing ciunteach
 'S bàrd a'm mìle dheanamh feum !
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.

Stadaibh gus an tig an t-samhuinn,—
 Bì'dh lionn-dubh air cuid nach saoil,
 'Faicinn Oighrig, neo-ar-thaing dhaibh,
 'N a bean-bainns' aig fear a gaoil !
 Rùn mo chléibh, etc.



ANNA AORACH.

AIR F O N N,—“*Màiri laghach.*”

SEISD :—Hò ro, m' Anna Aorach,
 M' Anna ghaolach, chiùin,—
 Bean mo rùin-sa daonnan
 Fad' o m' thaobh no dlùth,—
 M' eudail thar gach caileag
 Riamh a chunnaic sùil,
 'S ann glé thinn a tha mi
 Bho 'n a dh' fhàg thu 'n Dùn.

'N uair tha 'n sàmhradh gràsail
 Nis, le fàilte shuairc,
 Air Gleann-Aora 'fàgail
 Deise 's àille snuadh—
 Brata gorm làn bhlàithean
 Air gach blàr a's bruach—
 Anna, cha b' e 'n tìme
 Bhi 'g ad ionndrain uam!
 Hò ro, etc.

Anna, 's gann a dh' fhàg thu
 Bhi 'n ad phàisdein maoth
 'N uair a las do chiatachd
 Teas-ghràdh dian 'n am chrì—
 Gaol a chinn le m' làithean
 'S nach faigh bàs a chaoidh:
 Ma's math leat làn-chinnt' air,
 'S e so 'n t-àm bhi nios!
 Hò ro, etc.

Faodaidh tìr nam machair
 Bhi 'n ad bheachd glé mhòr,
 Ach 's e tìr do dhaoine
 Ort a's àirde còir.
 Greas, mata, mu 'n seachd oirnn'
 Aimsir ait nan ròs,—
 Greas, a's fàg Gleann-Aora
 'N a cheart Eden dhòmh-s'!
 Hò ro, etc.

Nach b' e sud an t-éibhneas
 Bhi le m' gbaol ri tìme
 Bleoghan a' chruidh nuallach,
 'S iad mu 'n bhuaile cruinn,—
 Sùrd air lionadh chuman
 Aig gach cruinneag ann,
 'S tusa 'n sin mar smeòrach
 'Toirt dhoibh cèl neo-ghann!
 Hò ro, etc.

Dùn nan coillte cnuthach
 'S nan sruth fallain, fuar,—
 Dùn nan dearc 's nan subhag,—
 Cò a dh-fhanadh uaith!
 Toradh na cìr-nìheala
 'S leinn an sud gun luach,
 'S gheibh sinn airson fion ann
 Bainne blàth nan cuach.
 Hò ro, etc.



M A I R E A R A D.

AIR FONN,—“ *Up, an' war them a' Willie!* ”

SEISD :—Seinn O, 's ceanail, caoimhneil, ceanail,
 O, 's ceanail Mairearad!
 Seinn O 's ceanail, beusuch, banail
 Gaol mo chridhe, Mairearad!

Mo rùn gu bràth a' ghruagach àigh
 A thoill bhuam gràdh do-sheargadh;
 B'e 'm bàrd gun tùr d' am b' eòl mo rùn
 Nach togadh cliù air Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Cha ghaol o 'n dé thug mise dhi—
 'S ann thòisich e 's mi 'm bhalachan;
 Bho sin a nuas, gun chaochladh tuar,
 'S i reul mo luaidh-sa Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Cha 'n ioghna maighdeanan glé bhriagh
 Bhi ri mo chiall làn farmaid—
 Cha n-ioma bantighearna fo 'n ghréin
 Thig suas ri ceutachd Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Ged 's binn a sheinn dhuinn Donnacha Bàn
 Mu sgiamh a Mhàiri, 's dearbh leam
 Nach biodh a bhòsd m' a dreach có mòr
 Nam b' eòl dha maise Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

Ged 's math a' chòir bh' aig bàrd Ghlinnsmedil
 A Mhàiri féin a dhealbh dhuinn,
 Nan tuiteadh dhi bhi 'n sud r'a linn
 'S ann bhiodh e 'seinn mu Mhairearad.
 Seinn, etc.

'N là chailleas i a h-àit' am chrì-s',
 Mo làmh dhuibh, 's duinne marbh mi ;
 Oir, ré mo chuairt air talamh shuas
 Cha sguir mo luaidh air Mairearad.
 Seinn, etc.



BLATH BOIDHEACH SHRON-AN-T-SITHEIN.

AIR FOKN,—“ *Mo nighean dubh cha tréig mi,*”

SEISD:—Seinn cliù na h-ùr-bhean mhìogach
 Thoill rùn gach aon a chì i ;—
 Blàth bòidheach Shròn-an-t-Sithein,
 Cha téid i chaoidh as m' aire-sa.

Ged 's bòidheach còrsan Chluaidhe,
 Thoir dhòmh-sa bhi 'an Suaineard
 Ri taobh na caileig shuairce
 Nach gabhadh gruaim ri m'leannanachd.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Bean òg nam blàth-shul rùnail,
 'S nam beusan gaolach, sùgrach—
 Bu ghlé bheag ann am shùil-sa
 Stàid diùchd gun ise maille rium.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Mar neul a ghlacas deàrrsadh
 Na gréin 'dol fodha làmh ris,
 Sud nuas m'a guailibh tlà-gheal
 A cuailein àr-bhuidh camagach !
 Seinn cliù, etc.

B'e sud an comunn neònach
 Bhiodh stuirteil mar ri m' Mhòraig,
 'S i luinneagach mar smeòrach
 A' cur ri ceòl 's a' chamhanaich.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Nach mise bhitheadh aobhach
 A h-uile là de m' shaoghal
 'N am faighinn dhomh mar chéile
 Bean òg an aodainn aingealaich !
 Seinn cliù, etc.



NIGHEAN DONN NAM MALA CROM.

AIR FÖNN,—“*Mo nighean dubh, dh' fhàs bòidheach, dubh.*”

SEISD :—A nighean donn nam mala crom
 'S nam blàth-shùl gorma, gaolach,
 'S mi féin, a rìgh, le 'm b' ait a bhi
 An nochd 'an tìr an fhraoich leat !

Ged 's glé mhath cuairt 's a' bhaile so,
 Thoir dhòmh-sa 'n gleannan craobhach
 'S an tric fo shoillse gealaiche
 Chum m' annsachd comunn caoin rium.
 A nighean donn, etc.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
 Deagh bhanarach na spréidhe,
 'S nach géill 'an seomar uinneagach
 Dh' aon chruinneag tha 'n Dunéideann.
 A nighean donn, etc.

Co riamh a chunna 'n ciallan ud
 Nach togadh fianuis réidh leam
 Gu 'm bheil i 'measg nan nionagan
 Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reultan ?
 A nighean donn, etc.

B' e féin am fear gun tuaiream
 Chluinneadh duan bho ribheid m' eudail,
 No chitheadh loinn a mhog-shuilean,
 Gun lasadh-crì nach tréig e.
 A nighean donn, etc.

Mo chreach bhi 'n so air Galltachd
 'N uair tha 'n sàmhradh a's bean m' éibhneis,
 Le chéile 'fàgail ceòlaireach
 A còmhnuidh an Gleann-crérann !
 A nighean donn, etc.

O, gu bhi 'n diugh 's a' chuairt ud
 Faighinn bh' uaipe furan glé bhlàth !
 B' fheàrr leam na coran òir bhi 'n sud
 An nochd a' pògadh m' éiteag.
 A nighean donn, etc.

A rùin, nam biodh tu deònach air,
 'S ar càirdean uile réidh ruinn,
 Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann—
 Am màireach bu leam fhéin thu !
 A nighean donn, etc.



O, CO NACH MOLADH MAIRI !

AIR FOKN,—“*A nighean donn an t-sùgraidh.*”

SEISD :—O, có nach moladh Màiri—
 Mo rùn geal modhail, Màiri !
 'S e féin am fleasgach nèarachd
 'Gheibh còir air làmh na h-ainnir ud.

'S ole thig do bhàird na cuairt so
 A bhi 'n an tosd an uair so,
 'S a liuthad maise 's buaidh tha
 Ri 'm faighinn fuaight' ri m' leannan-sa.
 O, có nach, etc.

Na'm bu leam féin iùl bàrdachd
 A réir mo chion air Màiri,
 Bhiodh iomradh gu là bhràth air
 A ghaol tha 'snàmh 'n a meall-shùilean.
 O, có nach, etc.

Bean òg a's màlda giùlan,
 Bean òg a's àille gnùis i—
 'S a beulan teud-bhinn, cùbhraidh
 Mar ròs fo dhriùchd na camhanaich.
 O, có nach, etc.

Mar liliidhean a' mhiodair,
 No 'n eala sud a chù mi
 'S a' ghrian-ghath air Loch-Sioradh,
 Tha loinn uchd mìn na cailin ud.
 O, có nach, etc.

Fhuair m' eudail-sa bho 'n lòn-dubh
 A binn-ghuth milis, ceòlar,
 'S thug deàrrsadh-gréine 'n Og-mhios
 Dhi fiamh a h-òr-fhalt chamagach.
 O, có nach, etc.

Ged tha fir eile 'n déigh oirr'
 Cha bhuin dhomh a bhi eudmhor,
 'S a sùilean tric toirt sgeul dhomh
 Gur leam-s' a gaol a dh-aindeoin doibh.
 O, có nach, etc.



ROSAN AN LETH-BHAILE.

AIR FOKK,—“ *Mòr, nighean a' ghiobarlain.*”

O, cha n-e fuaim na gaoithe
 An raoir chum an cadal uam ;
 Droch phrìs air crodh na caoirich,
 No idir beud bho ghaduichean ;
 'S e mhill mo thàmh, 's bu leòir sud,
 Mo rùn geal òg bhi fada nis
 Bho'n ghleann 's an tric gle aobhach,
 Ar gràdh d'a chéile dh' aidich sinn.

SEISD :—Seinn cliù na h-ainnir bhòidheach ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile !
 A' chaileag laghach, mhòdhar ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile !
 'S math bhuineadh dha bhi sòlasach,
 Oranach, ceileireach
 Gheibh gaol a's gealla-pòsaidh
 Bho Ròsan an Leth-bhaile.

'S math dh'fhaodas muinntir Chòmhaill
 Bhi mòr-chuiseach mu m' leannan-sa,
 'S gach filidh a ni òran
 Bhi seinn m' a dòighean banalta ;
 'N uair bha i bhos an taobh sa,
 'S gann fhuair mi féin aon sealladh dhi
 'N uair thàinig orm a gaol
 Ceart mar thig air craobh an dealanach.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Gu 'm molainn do gach òigfhear
 A gheibh bhi chòir na finne ud
 Bhi seachuach air a mlog-shuil
 Mar math leis crì-leon tinneasach,
 Mur sud 's an t-òr-fhalt deàrrsach
 A's tric a' snàmh m'a slinneinibh
 Mur bhoillsgeadh gealaich làn
 Oidheche shàmhach air linne mach.
 Seinn, cliù, etc.

Cha n- iongantach mo luaidh-sa
 Bhi suairce, de as, cinncadail,
 Cha n- ann an coill' a' chrìonaich
 Tha 'm freumh o'n do ghineadh i,
 Tha ghéig de stoc a's àirde,
 'S tha bhlàth sud air mar chinnich i,
 'S ged tha i fathasd uaine
 Tha 'buain air aire iomadh fear.
 Seinn, cliù, etc.

B'e féin, 's mo rùn air làimh aige,
 'M fear gun ghràs gun duinealas
 Nach aideachadh gu'm b' fhaoin leis
 'Na h-àite, maoin na cruinne so ;
 Ged b' ann am bothan-àiridh
 Bu leam-sa gràdh na cruinneig ud
 Cha mhinic talla rioghail
 'S am faighte 'n aoidh a bhuineadh dhomh.
 Seinn cliù, etc.

'S truagh gun bhi 'n diugh le m' annsachd,
 'S an t-sean-doigh ghasda shòlasach
 'Cur seachad tìm an t-samhraidh
 'An Còmh'l nan gleannta sòbhragach !
 Measg pailteas gruth a's uachdair,
 Ceòl chuach a's caidreamh neò-chiontach
 Gu'n caitheamaid ar 'n ùine
 Cho sunntach ris na smeòraichean !
 Seinn cliù, etc.

Seinn cliù na h-ainnir bhòidheach ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile,
 A' chaileag laghach mhòdhar ud,
 Ròsan an Leth-bhaile ;
 B'e latha 'n t-sonuis dhòmh-sa
 An latha sin a bheireadh dhuinn
 Air ais gu tìr a h-òige
 Ròs bòidheach an Leth-bhaile.
 Seinn cliù, etc.



SOBHRAG A' GHLEANNAIN.

'N am aonar, 'gabhail cuairt
 Anns a' ghleann ud shuas an dé,
 Ag éisdeachd ceòl na cuaiche
 'S druid bhinn nan luath-phong réidh,
 Gu 'm facas caileag bhòidheach
 'G am chòir a' bleoghan spréidh—
 'S e dh' fhàg leam-sa fiabhrus-cridhe
 Bho nach faigh mi 'n ath-ghearr réidh.

SEISD :—O, co nach togadh ceòl leam
 Air sòbhrag a' ghleannain ud !
 A' chaileag laghach, bhòidheach
 A ghoid mo chridhe 'n dé !

Bha 'sùil mar ghorm na h-ealtainn,
 'S a falt, air dhreach an òir,
 A' tuiteam sìos m' a guaillibh
 'N a dhualan tiugh gu leòir,—

Bha rughadh 'n ròis 'n a gruaidhean,—
 Uchd geal mar uan gun ghò,
 'S a beul dearg a' tabhairt gealladh
 Blas na meala bhi 'g a chòir.
 O, co nach, etc.

Cha luaithe fhuair mi faisg oirr'
 Na labhair mi gu tlàth,
 An toir mo chaileag ghasda
 Dhomh deoch de 'n bhainne bhlàth?
 "Do bheatha," ars' an nionag,
 'S i 'tigh'n dlùth le cuman làn:
 Dh-òl mi 'n deoch, 's an sin, gu seòlta,
 Thàirg mi pòg dhi air a sgàth.
 O, co nach, etc.

Fhuair mi cead a h-aon uaip'—
 Chuir mi trì dhiubh ris:
 "Sud a tigh'n mo mhàthair!
 O, rìgh! leig mi às!"
 "Aon phòg eile, 'eudail!"
 "Cha toir," bha 'beul ag ràdh,
 Ged b' e cainnt a sùil, glé shoilleir,
 "Gabh na 's math leat dhiubh, le fàilt'."
 O, co nach, etc.

Cha n- ioghna 'n diugh a' ghrian ud
 Bhi 'siaradh leam co mall;
 Mar 's luaithe théid i sìos bhuainn
 Leam féin 's ann 's lugha 'n call,—
 'S mi 'n so leam féin, a's m' aire
 Air bhi aon uair eile shuas
 Ann an comunn ciùin na h-éiteag
 A fhuair mi 'n dé co suaire'.
 O, co nach, etc.

MO CHAILEAG CHIUIN, BHOIDHEACH.

AIR FONN,—“*Mo nighean bhuidh'-bhàn, nam falbha tu leam.*”

SEISD :—

Mo chaileag chiùin, bhòidheach, bhàn-bhuidh', ghrinn,
 Mo chaileag chiùin, bhòidheach, bhàn-bhuidh', ghrinn,
 B' e 'n t-ìoghna mar deanainn féin ort rann,
 'S mo smuain air gach loinn a chì mi ort.

Chì mi aodann aobhach, fàilteach,
 Ruiteagach mar bhrìste fàire ;
 Chì mi gathan-gaoil glé dheàrsach
 'Falbh gun tàmh o d' mhìog-shuilean.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Chì mi làmh nam maoth-bhas glé gheal
 'S nan caol-mheura fàinneach, seudach ;
 'N àm dhoibh bhì toirt ciùil o theudan
 'S tric le gaol a lìon iad mi.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Chì mi muinneal mar an grian-ghath
 'Luidheas air an t-sneachd 's a' chriaraich—
 Slabhraidh òir, mu 'n cuairt dha 'g iadhadh,
 'S òr-fhalt snìomhach sìnnte ris.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Sud, 'an dath 's am blas do bheòilein
 Dath a's blas na sirist còmhla,—
 Leisgeul gasda glé thrìc dhòmh-sa
 Bhì 'toirt phòg gun chaomhnadh dha !
 Mo chailleag, etc.

Chì mi anns gach nì mu 'n cuairt dhuit
 Aobhar glé mhath mi bhì uaibhreach
 Muinntir eile bhì 'g ad luaidh rium,
 'S blàth-ghaol uait-se cinnteach dhomh.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

EILIDH OG DHRUIM-FHEARNA.

AIR Fonn.—“*A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh.*”

SEISD :—Mo chaileag bhàn bhinn-ghuthach,
 Bhlàth-chridheach, ghrinn-chruthach,
 'S tric tigh'n nam smaointean-sa
 Caoimhneas do mhànrain.

Mar tha blàth's an déigh tuath-ghaath,
 Do mhaoth-lusrach nan cluaintean,
 Tha do m' chridhe-sa suairceas
 Eilidh ruadh-buidh' Dhruim-fheàrna.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

'S tìm do bhàrda na Gréige
 Sgur d' an glòir mu dhreach Bhénus,
 'S a ceart leth-bhreac ri fhaotainn
 Gun dol ceum o 'n Druim-fheàrna.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Na 'm bu leam-sa 'chruit cheòlar
 Bha aig filidh Bheinn-dòrain,
 B' e ciad iomradh gach còmhail
 Eilidh òg 'an Druim-fheàrna.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Ach 'd e 'm feum bhi ri tuille
 Seinn mu mhaisealachd Eilidh?
 Cha dean linntean g' a moladh
 'Ghrian na 's gile na tha i!
 Mo chaileag, etc.

SINE BHOIDHEACH NAN GRUAIDHEAN

ROSACH.

AIR FOKN,—“ *Mo ghille guanach.*”

SEISD:—Mo chaileag bhàn-bhuidh' dh'fhàs banail, nàrach,
 Mo chaileag bhàn-bhuidh' a's àille com,
 'S e d' fhaicinn dlùth dhomh an diugh, a rùn ghil,
 A dh'fhàgadh sùrdail mo chridhe trom.

A Shìne bhòidheach nan gruaidhean ròsach,
 O'n latha sheòl thu do'n tìr nu thuath
 Tha 'n roinn so dh'fhàg thu, 'n am shùil, mar fhàsach,
 'S mo chridhe 'n còmhnuidh co trom ri luaidh.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

O, gu bhi d' fhaicinn an nochd fo m' bhreacan—
 Mo làmh a' cearcladh do mheadhon caol,
 'S mi faighinn cinnte bho d' bheulan rìomhach
 Nach ann gu dìomhain thug mi dhuit gaol!
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Ged 's beag de 'n t-saogh'l so tha aig na daoine
 Do'm buin an éideag do'n d' thug mi gràdh,
 'S e cainnt gach aon neach do 'n aithne m' eudail
 Gur e'm fear nèarachd a gheibh a làmh.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Mo chaileag ghràdhach! cha n- ainneamh bàn-rìgh
 A bhiodh glé spòrsail a bhi 'n ad dhealbh;
 Ged bu leam féin còir air leth na Gaidhealtachd
 'S ann air do làmh gheal a shirinn sealbh.
 Mo chaileag, etc.

Cha sròl no sìoda a chleachd mo Shìne
 M' a guaille maoth bhlàth a's gile snuadh,
 Ach òr-fhalt glé throm a nuas a' taomadh
 Mar dheàrrsadh gréine air sneachd nan stuadh.
 Mo chàileag, etc.

Ged their luchd-tuaileas nach leannan buan mi,
 Na creid, a luaidh, gu bheil diog dheth fìor ;
 Mu 'n tig an uair bhios mi umad suarach,
 A mhàthair b'ìdh suarach m' a leanabh-cìch.
 Mo chàileag, etc.



O TILL, A LEANNAIN, O TILL, O TILL!

AIR FÒNN,—“ *O bà, mo leanabh, O bà, O bà.*”

SEISD :—O till, a leannain, O till, O till !
 O till, a leannain, O till, O till !
 Dean cabhaig, a Mhali
 O 'n Ghalltachd, mur math leat
 Mo ghaol ort mo tharruing do 'n chill, do 'n chill.

An cailin a dh' fhàg sinn Di-luain, Di-luain,
 'S glé thric i bho 'n tràth sin 'n am smuain, 'n am smuain,
 Le 'mìn-bhasa geala,
 'Cùl donn, 's a caol mhala ;
 Cha dùth dhomh bhi fallain bho m' uan, bho m' uan.
 O till, a leannain, etc.

Bean òg nan sùil maoth-ghorm làn gràidh, làn gràidh
 Cha n-ìoghna, 'g a h-ionndrain ged tha, ged tha
 Gleann-Aora, glé mhiapaidh,
 Fàs fàslachail, cianail,
 A's dhòmh-sa mur bhliadhna gach là, gach là.
 O till, a leannain, etc.

Marghrian-ghathan Earraich do 'n t-saogh'l, do 'n t-saogh'l
Bha fàilte o m' Mhali dhomh féin, dhomh féin :

A rìgh greas an là sud

A chì mi, mar b' àbhaist,

'An cala ciùin, sàbhailt', mo gaol, mo gaol !

O, gu bli 'g ad fhaicinn, a rùin, a rùin

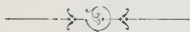
Uair eile tigh'n dhachaidh do 'n Dùn, do 'n Dùn !

Bhiodh dùdlachd a' gheamhraidh

Leam féin mar an samhradh

'S mo chridhe a' dannsadh le mùirn, le mùirn.

O till, a leannain, etc.



CUACHAG CHOIRE-'N-T-SITH.

AIR FOXN,—*"This is no my ain plaid."*

SEISD :—'S toigh leam an té bhuidhe-ruadh,
Bhuidhe-ruadh, bhuidhe-ruadh ;
Thar gach caileag, deas no tuath,
Dhòmh-sa cuachag Choire-'n-t-sìth !

Thar gach caileag, dlùth no céin,
Tha 'n diugh 'tuinneachadh fo 'n ghréin,
Dhòmh-sa 'n ainnir bhanail, chaoin
Dh' fhàg mi 'n gaol air Coire-'n-t-sìth.
'S toigh leam, etc.

A' chiad uair a ghlac mo shùil
Dreach a pearsa 's mais a gnùis,
Shaoil mi nach bu dad ach diùchd
Dheanamh cùis le gràdh mo chrì.
'S toigh leam, etc.

Beannachd air na pògan blàth
 'Dhearbh am beachd ud a bhi ceàrr
 Tuille 's aon uair, 'stigh fo sgàth
 Coille cheòl'ar Choire-'n-t-sìth.
 'S toigh leam, etc.

Coma nis leam cia co fuar
 Gheibh mi mnàidh a' Bhràigh ud shuas ;
 'S ionnan leam an gean 's an gruaim,
 'Faighinn uaip'-se gaol gun dìth.
 'S toigh leam, etc.



AN TE UD 'S CION-FALAICH DHOMH.

AIR Fonn,—“ *Burns' parting with Highland Mary.*”

O, gu bhi 'nochd ri taobh geal
 Na té ud 's cion-falaich dhomh
 Té thug, le meud a ceutachd,
 Na ceudan fo chis ;—
 Cha 'n ioghna, 's i cho bòidheach,
 Luchd stòras bhi tarruing 'rith ;
 Mo thruaigh mis' tha falamh,
 'S gaol mo chridhe agam dhi !

An raoir, 's mi oirre 'bruadar,
 Air leam bhi shuas ud maille rith
 'Cur seachad tìm glé shùgrach
 An coille dhlàth nan cuach :

B'e sud a' chòmhail ghràdhach—
 A làmh gheal mu m' mheadhon-sa,
 'S mar ghlacar craobh le eidheannach
 Theann ghlac mi féin mo luaidh.

Mar stad air ceòl glé shunndach
 An uair a's fhearr leinn fanachd air,
 Mar dhol bho chuirm làn sòlais
 Gu àros gun aoidh,
 Mar chath ri doireann ùr,
 An déigh ciùine, do 'n mharaiche,
 Mar sin bha dhòmh-sa faireachadh
 A's dealachadh ri 'm ghaol.

Nam bu leam féin de 'n t-saoghal
 An t-aon ni b' fhearr leam fhaghinn dheth,
 Air sgàth an còr bhi 'm dhìth,—
 Chuirinn cùla le fàilt'
 Ri iomad ni bha aon uair
 'N am shùilibh glé thoigheach leam,
 'S mi 'deanamh clis mo roghainn
 De ghaol cridhe bean mo ghràidh.



MO RÙN AIR A' CHAILEIG A'S LOINNEILE SUIL.

AIR FÒNN,—*Pòg an nochd agus pòg an raoir.*"

SEISD :—

Mo rùn air a' chaileig a's loinneile sùil,
Mo rùn air a' chaileig dh'fhàs ceanalta, ciùin—
A' chaileag dheas aoidheil bha'n raoir air mo ghlùn,
B' fheàrr leam bli 'g a pògadh na stòras a' chrùin.

Ged tha mi' gun chaora, gun ghobhar, gun bhò,
Gun searrach, gun ghearran, gun fhearann, gun òr,
Chan-'eil mi gun earras co fhada 's is leam
Blath-shùgradh gun ghainne bho Anna Loch-long.
Mo rùn, etc.

Nach coma ged bhithinn, 's mi 'n cuideachd luchd-ciùil.
Air uairibh, a' faighinn te eil' air mo ghlùn,
'S mo phòca, 'n àm sgaoileadh 'n sud, eutrom gu leòir,
'S leam bh'uaip'-se, mar b' àbhaist, blàth-fhàilt agus pòg.
Mo rùn etc.

Ged gheibhinn-sa gruagach le buaille glé làn,
B' fheàrr leam, gun phrìs crodhain leath', caileag mo
ghràidh ;
'S ged bhitheadh fear fearainn gu 'faighinn, a' strì,
Bu diamhain dha shao'ir 's fear nan dàn air a tì.
Mo rùn, etc.

'Nuair 's coma le sionnach an fhuil tha 's an uan,
'Nuair sguireas an talamh so dh' iomain mu'n cuairt,
'Nuair stadas Loch-fine a lionadh 's a thràgh,
'N sin sguiridh mo ghaol-sa air éiteag mo ghràidh.
Mo rùn, etc.

EILIDH BHAN CHOIRE-CHNAIMH.

AIR FONN,—“*Buan na rainich.*”

SEISD :—Eilidh bhàn Choire-chnàimh,
 Maighdean bhanail nam beus ceanail,
 Eilidh bhàn Choire-chnàimh,
 Cò nach tugadh gaol dhi !

'S beag an t-ioghna ged a dh'fhàs dhomh
 Coire-chàimh co déigheil,
 'S ann an sud tha dachaidh bhòidheach
 Maighdean òg mo spéis-sa.

Eilidh bhàn, etc.

'S tric bho ghèluin gu tim cadail
 Fhuair mi 'n sud ri m' thaobh i,—
 'N t-aon ni ceàrr 'n ar còmhail shona
 Giorrad tim cho aobhach.

Eilidh bhàn, etc.

Bean an aodainn aobhach, shìobhalt',
 'S nan sùl miogach, speur-ghorm—
 Nam bu bhàrd mi féin mar b' àill leam
 Gu là bhràth bhiodh sgeul ort.

Eilidh bhàn, etc.

Ged tha fear a' Bhràighe, thall ud,
 'S ciadan eile 'n déigh ort,
 'S leam-sa, neothar-thaing dhoibh uile.
 Gaol a's furan m' eudail.

Eilidh bhàn, etc.

'S truagh nach b' ann an nochd, a leannain,
 Dh' òlar deoch na réite ;
 'N sin le 'r gairm, gu Cill-a'-mhuna
 Cha bu ruith ach leum leam !

Eilidh bhàn, etc.

GAOL MO CHRIDHE, SINE OG.

AIR Fonn,—“ *An té sud air am bheil mi 'n geall.*”

SEISD :—Gaol, mo-chrì-sa Sìne òg,
 Ribhinn shuaire' a' chuailein òir !
 O, gu bhi an diugh g' a còir
 'Taobh na h-àird ud fada shios !

'Aird Mhic-Shimidh, àird an àigh,
 'Aird mo rùin-sa thu gu bràth ;
 'Sann ri d' thaobh a fhuair mi gràdh
 Na té òg tha 'n diugh d' am dhith.
 Gaol mo-chrì-sa, etc.

'S beag an t-ioghna, 's gun i leam,
 M' inntinn bhi an nochd co trom—
 Luchd nach urrainn mi chur dhìom
 Gus an till mi rithist sìos.
 Gaol mo-chrì-sa, etc.

Beannachd air an oidheche chiùin
 Fhuair mi gealladh-gaoil mo rùin
 Shios an sud, an coill nan cnù,
 Gun dad moite, diumb, no strì.
 Gaol mo chrì-sa, etc.

Coma nis dhomh tìr no cuan,
 Coma faireachadh no suain,
 Car aon mhionaid às mo smuain
 Iomhaigh 'n uain ud cha'n fhaigh mi.
 Gaol mo-chrì-sa, etc.

Miann a' bhalaich itheadh 's òl,
 Miann an daormainn maoin gu leòir,
 Mo mhian féin bhi faotainn còir
 Air làmh bhòidheach bean mo chrì.
 Gaol mo-chrì-sa, etc.

MO RUN GEAL, BOIDHEACH.

AIR FOKX,—*Mo Mhairi bhoidheach's mo Mhairi ghaolach.*"

SEISD :—Mo rùn geal, boidheach, mo rùn geal gaolach,
 Mo rùn an còmhnaidh 's i Seònaid Aorach,—
 A' chaileag uasal dh'fhàs suairce, aoidheil,—
 'S e gaol a's cliù bhuam bu dùth dhi fhaotainn.

O, 's math a dh-fhaodas mi féin bhi stràiceil
 Mu Choille-'n-t-saoir a's gach ni tha làmh rith',
 'S mo smuainte daonnan air té nam blàth-shul
 O'n tric a fhuair mi 's a' chuairt ud fàilte.
 Mo rùn geal, etc.

Mar theachd a' Chéitein do choill nan smeòrach,
 Mar thilleadh slàinte do chàileachd leòinte,
 Mar rionnag iùil ri droch shìd do 'n t-seòl'dair
 Tha gaol na gruagaich, tha shuas ud ,dhòmh-sa.
 Mo rùn geal, etc.

Mo rùn air rìbbiun nam mlog-shul guanach,
 Le 'cuailean donn sìnnte trom m' a gnaillibh ;—
 Ged 's beag a daimh ri fuil àrd no uaibhreach
 Bu nèarachd rìgh 'gheibheadh gaol na gruagaich.
 Mo rùn geal, etc.

Bean na gnùis nàrach, a' bheòilein chùbhraidh,
 'S na h-anail bhlàth air ceart fhàile 'n ùr-rois—
 Na'm b' eòl dhomh seinn air a loinn mar b' fhiù leam
 Gu linn nan linn bhiodh i 'm ranntachd cliùiteach.
 Mo rùn geal, etc.

'S truagh nach bu leam-sa deagh shealbh, gun àicheadh,
 Air a' ghleann ghrinn 's an deach m' annsachd àrach ;
 Na'm b' e sud m' fhortan an diugh, mo làmh dhuibh,
 Bhiodh m' éiteag dhonn 'na bean-bainnse 'màireach.
 Mo rùn geal, etc.

MORAG BHRAIGH'-BHEALAICH.

AIR Fonn,—“ *Ged is socrach mo leaba,
Cha n-'e cadal is miannach leam.*”

•Fhir théid null gu Bràigh'-bhealaich
Thoir ciad beannachd gu m' rùn-sa leat,
Nighean ruadh-bhuidh' Mhic-Ealair,—
Gheibh thu ceanalta, cùirteil i ;
Bean de 'n tug mi 'n cion-falaich
Dh' fhàg an diugh co mi-shunndach mi—
De gach sòlas fo 'n athar
B' e mo roghainn bhi 'sùgradh rith'.

'S tric, ar leam, a bhi cluinntinn
A guth binn, mar cheòl clàrsaiche,
Ann an lagan na buaile
Far an d' fhuair mi tric blàth-chainnt uaip';
'S cha tearc idir 'n am smaointean
Gach ciùin-oidhche dh' fhàg làmh rium i
Far nach cunntainn e fada
'Bhi gu maduinn a' mànran rith'.

'S beag an t-ioghna ged bhithinn
Tìm na Nollaig so smuaireanach—
Mise 'n so aig sruth Dhùlais
'S ise cùla nam fuar-bheann ud :
Coma cia co blàth, bòidheach
Gheibh mi òighean na cuairte so,
'S e Bràigh'-bhealaich 's mo Mhòrag
Bhios an còmhnaidh 'n am smuaint-sa.

B' e bhi diùltadh do 'n t-seillein
 Teachd an sealladh nan sòbhragan
 Bhi 'eur eadar mi 's m' ulaidh,
 'S i féin toileach bhi còmhla rium,
 Coma leam, mata mì-run
 Nam fear daoidh leis nach deònach sud,—
 Cha n-'eil cumhachd fo 'n ghréin ud
 'Ghleidheas m' eudail an còmhnaidh bhuam !



ISEABAL, AN TIG THU 'N GHAELTACHD?

AIR FOXN.—“*Thug mi 'n oidhche 'n raoir 's an àiridh.*”

SEISD:—Iseabal, an tig thu 'n Ghaeltachd?
 Iseabal, an tig thu 'n Ghaeltachd?
 Tiugainn leam gu Taobh-loch-fine,
 'S cha chùis caoidh dhuit sud, mo làmh dhuit.

Iseabal, ma tha thu deònach,
 'S leat mo làmh 's mo chridhe còmhla,
 Maille ri blàth-dhachaidh bhòidheach
 'An tìr mhòr-bheannach nan Gàidheal.
 Iseabal, etc.

Ged tha cuairt 's a' bhaile glé mhath,
 Nach b' fheàrr leat an doire geugach,
 No 'n gleann gorm 's am faigheadh m' eudail
 Fàile 'n fhraoich g' a cumail slàinteil
 Iseabal, etc.



Tiugainn far an cluinn thu 'n smeòrach
 Togail suas a coirioll bòidheach,
 'S os do cheann bho mhoich gu glòmuinn
 Uiseagan gu leòir 'cur fàilt ort.
 Iseabal, etc.

Ceòl nach measa thogail sùrd ort
 Gheibh thu 'n sud bho phìob nan dlùth-phong
 Far am minic òigridh shunndach,
 'Dannsadh rith' air ùrlar clàraidh,
 Iseabal, etc.

Gheibh sinn cuid de 'r lòn o'n fhairge,
 Gheibh sinn pàirt dheth às a' gharbhlaich,
 'S cha bhi bradan mear nan dearg-bhall
 Fallain, agus mor'ath 'n am làmh-sa.
 Iseabal, etc.

'N uair is guirme uchd gach ciùin-loch,
 'S air gach taobh am fraoch fo ùr-bhlàth,
 Mil a's bainne mar am bùrn innt',
 Cò nach dlù'icheadh ris a' Ghaeltachd!
 Iseabal, etc.



COMUNN CAOIN NAN OIGHEAN.

AIR Fonn,—“ *Mo nighean dubh dh' fhàs bòidheach, dubh.*”

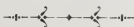
SEISD :—Mo roghainn féin, 's cha roghainn fhaoin,
 'S e comunn caoin nan òighean !
 'S glé thric a fhuair mi bh' uapa gaol
 Fo shoillse reul na glòmuinn.

A shaoghail mhosaich, thoir an sàth
 De d' mhaoin do 'n ghràisg tha 'n tòir air,
 Ach dhòmha-sa gaol na caileig chaoin
 A chum an raoir rium còmhail.
 Mo roghainn, etc.

Mu 'n gann a dh' fhàg mi féin an glùn
 B' e bhi 'n an cùirt mo shòlas,
 'S bho sin gu so—a bhos no shios—
 Cha n- fhaigh mi sìth ach còmh' riuth',
 Mo roghainn, etc.

An cluinn thu 'n daormann ud, a deir
 Gu 'm bheil mo roghainn gòrach ?
 Mo bharrail gur e 'n t-eud tha air,
 'G am faicinn tric 'toirt phòg dhomh !
 Mo roghainn, etc.

Ni 'n gaol an duine crosda ciùin,
 An lùirist ni e spòrsail ;
 An saogh'ltach ma bhios idir suaire'
 'S ann mar ri gruagach bhòidheach.
 Mo roghainn, etc.



O, GU BHI 'N SUD THALL LE ANNA!

AIR FONN,—“ *A ho rò, mo run an cailin.*”

SEISD :—O, gu bhi 'n sud thall le Anna!
 E, gu bhi 'n sud thall le Anna!
 Thall ri taobh Loch-long a' sùgradh
 Ri bean ùr a' chùil duinn chlannaich.

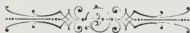
Beannachd air Ros-neodha bòidheach,
 Dachaidh chaoin na té thug dhòmh-sa
 Gaol nach deanamh maoin na h-Eòrpa
 Bh' uam, le m' dheòin, a nis a cheannach.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

'S beag an t-ioghna mi bhi uaibhreach,
 'S dùil agam ri teachd na h-uair sin
 'Chì dà cheann air aona chluasaig—
 Mise 's m' uan, le cead na crannaig.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

Tubaist orra, bhios a' pòsadh
 Aighean ann an àite òighean;—
 B' fheàrr leam Anna dhonn gun ghròt leath'
 Na cnoc òir le dud neo-bhanail.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

'S fada, 's fada 'n so bho m' rùn mi,
 Ach mu 'n clos dhomh bi'dh mi 'n Cùlphort;
 Coma 'n t-sìd bhi doirbh no ciùineil
 'S mise 'n dùil bhi 'faicinn Anna.
 O, gu bhi, etc.

Ged tha cuid, le briathra breugach,
 'G innseadh dhi nach mair mo spéis dhi,
 Fuaraichidh a' ghrian 's an speur ud
 Ceart co luath ri m' ghaol-s' air Anna.
 O, gu bhi, etc.



CRONAN-CAIDIL.

Mur gu 'm b' ann le a mhàthair féin, do leanabh-diòlain.

AIR Fonn,—“*Thug mi gaol do 'n fhear bhàn.*”

SEISD :—Caidil 'uain ! caidil, uain,
 Caidil suaimhneach gu là !
 Cadal ciùin dhuit, a ghràidh,—
 'S leòir do mhàth'ir bhà ri bròn.

Caidil, uain ! tha ri d' thaobh
 Màthair ghaolach gu leòir,
 Ged tha i nochd mar eala chiùirrt,
 Guileag-gù dhi mar cheòl.
 Caidil, etc.

'Mhic an athair 'tha gun bhàigh,
 B' fheàrr am bàs leam gu mòr
 Na bhi 'd fhaicinn-sa, a luaidh,
 Chaoidh a' gluasad 'n a dhòigh.
 Caidil, etc.

'S i mo mhairg aon té bheir cluas
 Do fhear guanach làn sgled ;
 'N uair a's milse bhios a sgeul
 'S modha 'feum-se bhi fòill.
 Caidil, etc.

'M fear a's modha a gheibh rùn
 Caileag chiùineil gun ghò,
 'S e 's luaith' chanas air a cùl
 “ Bha mi 'sùgradh ri gleòisg !”
 Caidil, etc.

B' e bhi 'g earbsadh an uain
 Ri daor Ruairidh nam fròg
 Bean bhi 'g earbsadh fad a làmh
 Gealladh baoth nam fear òg.
 Caidil, etc.



A' CHAILEAG CHOMHLACH.

AIR Fonn,—“ *'S mise tha fo mhì-ghean mu'n ghille dhonn.*

SEISD :—Co nach togadh cliù leam
 Air flùr nam buadh,
 A' chiùin-chaileag Chòmh'lach
 Tha 'n còmhnaidh 'm smuain?

'S tric bho thìm an earraich
 Taobh Loch-aic air m' aire;
 'S ann an sud tha 'n ainnir
 'Ghoid mo chridhe bh' uam.
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Mar do lus na criaraich
 Tha 'n gorm-dhealt 's an grian-ghath,
 'S ann mar sud tha, 'chiallain,
 Dhòmh-sa d' ìomhaigh shuaire'.
 Co nach togadh, etc.

'S ann 's a' chlachan dhùmhail
 Ghabh mi beachd an tùs ort;
 Ged 'bha 'n teagasg drùigtheadh
 Mhill do shùil-sa 'bhuaidh.
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Coma Luan no Dònach,
 Coma muir no mòinteach,
 'Nis, gach mionaid bheò dhomh,
 'S tusa fàth mo smuaint."
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Nach ann leam-sa b' aobhach
 A bhi 'n diugh ri d' thaobh geal
 'Sùgradh feadh an fhraoich leat
 'An gleann caol nan eùach!
 Co nach togadh, etc.

Mur a b' e Loch-fine
 Eadarunn bhi sìnnte,
 Bhithinn thall, glé éibhinn,
 An nochd féin le m' uan.
 Co nach togadh, etc.



TUIREADH LEANNAN AN EILTHIRICH OIG.

AIR FOKN,—“*Bruthaichean Ghlinn-braon.*”

SEISD :—’Ille dhuinn nam beus cliùiteach,
 A’ bheòil bhinn, ’s na cainnt shùgrach,
 ’S e do thilleadh do ’n dùthaich
 ’Dh-fhàgadh sunndach mi féin.

’S i so Nollaig a chràidh mi,—
 Nigh’nean òg air gach làmh dhiom
 Le ’n cuid leannan glé stràiceil
 ’S fear mo ghràidh-se ’n tìr chéin.
 ’Ille dhuinn, etc.

Fhir na pearsa dheas, dhealbhach,
 ’N uair a shiùbhladh tu ’gharbhach
 Cha b’ e ’n sùgradh do ’n earb e,
 ’S bhiodh fuil dhearg air na féidh.
 ’Ille dhuinn, etc.

Deagh làmh chumail na stiùir thu
 Mach air linne nan sùmainn,—
 'Nuair bhiodh càch le croinu rùisgte
 B'e sud sùgradh mo ghaoil.
 'Ile dhuinn, etc.

'Nuair a bhiodh tu ri òran.
 Mar bu tric leat, 'measg òigridh,
 Bhiodh mo chridhe 'g ad phògadh,
 'S mur bu nàr leam—mo bheul.
 'Ile dhuinn, etc.

'Nuair thig samhradh nam blàth oirn,
 Mur 'eil tilleadh an dàn dhuit
 Bi'dh do d' leannan Gleann-shàdail
 'Na dhubh-fhàsach gun aoidh.
 'Ile dhuinn, etc.

'S olc a fhuaras a' mhuinntir
 'Rinn do bhuaireadh thar tuinn uainn ;
 B'e cur eadar mi 's 'aon-ghradh
 Craobh a' spionadh bho 'freumh.
 'Ile dhuinn, etc.



ESAN 'GA FREAGAIRT.

SEISD :—Ainnir ghrinn nam beus cliùiteach,
 A'bheòil bhinn 's na cainnt shùgrach !
 'S e bhi tilleadh gu d' ionnsuidh
 'Dh' fhàgadh sunndach mi féin.

M' eudail féin thar gach cailin !
 Leig-sa dhiot bhi fo smalan :
 An ath Nollaig, 's mi fallain,
 Bi'dh do leannan ri d' thaobh.
 Ainnir ghrinn, etc.

Coma c' àite am bi mi—
 A' measg cuideachd no 'm aonar,
 Car aon mhionaid a' m' smaointe
 D' iomhaigh rùnach, cha téid.
 Ainnir ghrinn, etc.

Mar tha chombaist an còmhnaidh
 'Sireadh dh-ionnsuidh 'n Tuath reòta,
 Tha mo chrì-sa gu Seònaid,
 Rionnag bhòidheach mo ghaoil.
 Ainnir ghrinn, etc.

Ged a bheirte 's an tìr so,
 Stàid a dh-fhòghna do rìgh dhomh,
 Na 'm b' ann 'dh-easbhuidh do bhrìodal,
 Leiginn dhìom e, le faoilt.
 Ainnir ghrinn, etc.



I S E A B A L .

AIR FOXN,—“*A Mhàiri bhàn gur bannail thu.*”

O Iseabal, b' e 'n t-iongantas
 Mur togainn-sa ort òran,
 An déigh gach oidhche leannanachd
 A chuir sinn seachad còmhla.
 Ged tha e nis 'n a annas dhomh
 Bhi mar riut mar bu nòs leam,
 Tha mi 'n làn-dùil, a dh-aindeoin sud,
 Gu 'm faigh mi fathasd pòg uait.

Ged tha cuid ann a chumas rium,
 Le manadh réir an dùrachd,
 Gur diamhain dhomh bhi 'tarruing riut,
 'Siad féin air faighinn diùltadh ;
 Ma leugh mi ceart an naigheachd
 Tha ri 'faighinn ann ad shùilean,
 'S e m' fhortan àigh, gun mhòran dàil,
 A bhi le d' ghràdh-se crùinte.

Bha uair a thug mi 'n t-urram
 Air son banalas a's àilleachd
 Do Pheigi bhàn Loch-giorra,
 Caileag eireachdail gun àicheadh ;
 Cha dìteadh air a grinneas
 Thusa 'n diugh a bhi 'n a h-àite,—
 Oir faodaidh rionnag bhi glé bhriagh
 Nach faicear 's grian a' deàrrsadh !

Cha 'n ioghna m' ùigh a's m' aire-sa
 Air bean do dhreach bhi buanail,—
 Co 'n gille beò a chitheadh tu
 Nach tugadh 'chridhe suas dhuit?
 'N am chadal no 'n am fhaireachadh—
 Air monadh no air cuan domh—
 Bu cheart co furasd dealachadh
 Rì m' fhaileas a's mo smuain ort.

An déighidh blàth's thig fionnarachd,
 Thig tràghadh 'n déighidh lionaidh,
 Ach 's ann tha m' fhiabhrus-eridhe-sa
 Gach là na 's teoithe 'cinntinn.
 A rùin, ma 's math leat fallain mi,
 Na leig dhomh bhi gu diomhain
 'An so, mar uiseag chianalach
 A' seinn do ghrian nach cluinn i.



SINE BHOIDHEACH CEANN-GHARRAIDH.

AIR FOKN,—*Tha mi trom, duilich, trom, airtnealach, cianail.*

'Nochd gur diamhain do 'n ghealaich
 Bhi 'g am theumadh bho 'n teallach ;
 Sine bhòidheach Ceann-gharraidh
 Cha n-'eil tuille 's a' chrìch so.

SEISD :—Thogainn cliù air mo rùn,
 Bean a' chùil mhìn-bhuidh' ;
 Thogainn cliù air mo rùn,
 Té nam mala caol, ciùin ;
 Fada uaipe no dlùth,
 Bean mo rùn Sine !

Bean a' bheòlein bhinn, ghuamaich—
 'S tric 'g a phògadh 'n am shuain mi
 Anns a' bhadan 's an d' fhuair i
 Iomad uair bh' uam blàth-bhrìodal.
 Thogainn, etc.

Fhir a mholas an fhaoileann
 Seall air muinneal mo ghaoil-sa!
 'S mise 'nochd a bhiodh aobhach
 Mo làmh fhaotainn m' a thimchioll.
 Thogainn, etc.

Bean a's deise air ùrlar—
 Bu leòir geasachd a sùilean
 Thoir fir storraile gu 'n glùinean—
 Gaol do-mhùchadh 'g an lìonadh.
 Thogainn cliù, etc.

O, nach mise bhiodh deònach
A bhi rithe-se pòsda !
Ged bu bhothan ar còmhnuidh
B' e chùis eud mo thoilinntinn.



RUN MO CHLEIBH AN EITEAG SHUAIRC'.

AIR FÒNN,—*“ Hi ri ri, 's ho ra-ill o!
Mo nighean donn a's bòidhche.”*

SEISD :—Rùn mo chléibh an éiteag shuairc'
Do 'n tug mise 'n gaol bhios buan!
Cha n- ioghna gillea, deas a's tuath,
Bhi luath-ghàireach m' a bòidhchead.

'S binn 'an seòmar ceòl nan teud,
'S binn 's an fhàs-choill bàird nan geug;
'S binne na sud uile 'm beul
Bu mhiann leam féin bhi 'pògadh.
Rùn, etc,

Ged 's geal uchd na h-eala bhàin,
'S gile na sud cneas mo ghràidh—
Còmhnuidh chaoin a' chridhe bhlàth,—
B' e 'n trusdar dh' fhàgadh breòit' e.
Rùn, etc.

Fhuair i 'n rughadh tha 'n a gnùis
Bho 'n òg-mhaduinn shamhraidh chiùin,
'S deàrrsadh caoin a deud geal, dlùth
Bho lilidh ùr nan lòintean.
Rùn, etc.

Ciod an stàth bhi 'cur an céill
Maise mìog-shuil chiùin mo ghaoil?
Cha n-'eil sùil a' chalmair féin
A leth co maoth-ghorm, bhòidheach.
Rùn, etc.

Cha n-'eil mil an t-seillein chiar
Idir milis làmh r' a bial ;
Is shaoileadh tu gur ann bhò 'n ghrian
A fhuair i fiamh a h-òr-fhalt !
Rùn, etc.



EILIDH GHLEANN-DARUAIL.

AIR FÖNN,—“*Mo Mhàli bheag òg.*”

Tha 'Bhealltuinn chridheil, cheòlmhor
 A nis 'an Gleann-daruail ;
 Tha guth na euthag leòmach
 Uair eile 'n Gleann-daruail,
 'San druid agus an lòn dubh
 Le 'n teudan 'an deagh òrdugh
 A' strì co 's binne òran
 A nis 'an Gleann-daruail.

An t-urram thar gach àite
 A nis do Ghleann-daruail.
 Gleann nam bean òg a's àille
 Fo 'n ghréin 's e Gleann-daruail.
 Ged tha Gleann-Aora bòidheach,
 Leig leam-sa bhi tràth glòmuinn
 Ri taobh na h-éiteig òg ud,
 Nic Mhuirich Ghleann-daruail !

O, 's truagh nach b' ann am màireach
 Bu leam-sa, 'n Gleann-daruail,
 Le toil a muinntir, làmh gheal
 Mo rùin 'an Gleann daruail !
 Cha n-fhacas riamh fo 'n ghréin ud
 Aon duine 'leth co éibhinn
 'S a bhithinn-sa le m' eudail,
 Mar sud, 'an Gleann-daruail.

Air leam gu 'm bheil mi 'd fhaicinn
 A rùin, an Gleann-daruail,
 'N ad éide-bainnse sneachd-gheal
 Ri m' thaobh an Gleann-daruail,—
 Gach maighdean mheachair làmh riut
 Le eud a' coimhead d' àilleachd,
 'S fir òg, le 'm b' ait bhi 'm àite,
 Fo sprochd 'an Gleann-daruail.

Cha tugainn air son ròghachd
 Mo ghaol an Gleann-daruail;
 Gu 'n dòirtinn m' fhuil g' a dìonadh
 O bheud 'an Gleann-daruail.
 'S na 'm biodh réir maise m' eudail
 Mo sgil-sa gu toirt sgeul air,
 Bhiodh cliù, gu crìoch an t-saoghail
 Air Eilidh Ghlinn-daruail !



AN T-EILTHIREACH OG 'S A LEANNAN.

AIR Fonn,—“*Farewell to Fionary.*”

Ged 's duilich leam ri gleann mo rùin
 Bhi tabhairt aig an àm so cùl,
 Bu lugha 'n càs na 'm bitheadh tu,
 Mo chiad a's m' aon-ghràdh, maille rium.

SEISD :—Bean mo chridhe ! bean gun bheud,
 Bean gun choimeas dhi fo 'n ghréin,
 'S i 'bhean òg bho 'n d' rinn mi 'n dé
 Le cridhe glé throm dealachadh !

Faodaidh maighdeannan glé bhlàth
 Bhi taobh eile 'chuain a' tàmh ;
 Coma sin,—cha n-'eil fo nèamh
 Te sheasas t-àite 'm shealladh-sa !
 Bean mo chridhe, etc.

Ged their cuid, le goileam baoth,
 Nach bi cuimhn' orm fad' o d' thaobh,
 'S mise nach creid sud, a ghaoil,
 Ged dheanamh naomh a mhionnachadh.
 Bean mo chridhe, etc.

Coma cia meud bliadhna sgìth
 Dh-fhaodas ruith mu 'm faic thu mi,—
 'N gaol a las do dhreach 'n am chrì
 Cha téid air dìth, mo ghealladh dhuit !
 Bean mo chridhe, etc.

Cum, mata, do chridhe suas!
Tha fonn miannmhor siar o'n chuan,
'S earb nach fada gus an uair
Chì m' uan geal 'n a bean-baile ann!
Bean mo chridhe, etc.



TAOBH ABHAINN AORA.

AIR FONN,—“*Tha buaidh air an uisge-bheatha.*”

SEISD —Mo chiad mìle beannachd
 Air an éiteag chiùin, cheanalta,
 Bha leam-sa, glé leannanach,
 An raoir, taobh abhainn Aora.

Mo rùn a' chaileag Mhorairneach,
 Dh' fhàg ioma òg-bhean farmadach,
 'S na gillean chleachd bhi sealg oirre
 A nis air lorg mo ghaoil-sa.

Fhir leis nach toigh bhi dealachadh
 Ri d' chridhe, fan bho 'n chailin ud,
 Air-neo cha n- fhada dh-fhanas tu
 Gun leòn nach leighis léigh dhuit.

Bean òg na pearsa dhàicheil i,
 Bean òg a' chridhe chàirdeil i,
 Bean chaoin a' bheulain bhlàth-bhinn,
 'S na deud mar dheàrrsa gréine.

Gu uile dhreach mo leannain-sa
 A mholadh mar bu mhath leam dhuibh,
 'S ann dh' fheumainn spiorad rannaireachd
 Sean fhilidhean na Féinne.

Tha i gu léir co fhurailteach,
 Co ghaolach, aobhach, fhurach,
 'S gu 'm bheil mi féin a h-uile la
 'Dol tuille 's tuille 'n déigh oirr'.

SINE BHOIDHEACH OG NA REILIG.

AIR FONN,—“*Tha mo rùn air a' ghille.*”

SEISD :—Gu ma fada slàn an éiteag,
 'Sine bhòidheach, òg na Réilig!
 'S fad' o 'n thoill 's a fhuair an té ud
 Gaol a dh' fhanas buan leam.

Gu ma sona, slàn an òg-bhean
 Dh' fhàg mi 'n dé 's an Réilig bhòidheach;
 'S beag an t-ioghna mi bhi spòrsail
 Càch a bhi 'g a luaidh rium.
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Co 's a' bhaile, air là féille.
 Nì gach caileag eile eudmhor—
 Sùil nan gillean òg gu léir oirr' ?
 Co ach té 'n fhuilt ruadh-bhuidh' !
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Aig an t-searmoin, 's beag an t-ioghna
 Ciadan dhiubh bhi 'cumail sùil oirr',
 'S gun e 'n comas fear na cùbaid
 Féin a shùil thoirt bh' uaipe!
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Fhuair i bho 'n t-subh-craoibh 's an ròsan
 Blas a's dreach a beulain ceòl'ar—
 Beul d' am buin an deud dlùth, òrdail,
 Geal mar neòinean bruaiche.
 Gu ma fada, etc.

Ri tìm binneas tho'irt bho theudan
Sud 'measg chaileagan air déil i
Mar an eala bhàn 'measg fhaoileann
Air uchd Caoil a' gluasad!

Gu ma fada, etc.

Mar am Màigh thu, 'ghràidh, 'n am shùil-sa,
Cha n-'eil là gun àilleachd ùr òrt ;—
Dh' fheumadh filidh chumadh cliù ort
Bhì gun tàmh ri d' ghuallain.

Gu ma fada, etc.



COMA 'BHLIADHN' UR OIRNNE BHI DLUTH.

AIR FOKK,—“*Cuachag nan craobh.*”

Coma 'bhliadhn' ùr oirne bhi dlùth,
 Dhòmh-sa cha dùth sòlas,
 'Faighinn 'n am thaobh, dosguinn nach faod
 Lighich fo 'n ghréin fhògradh.
 'S leòir an ceann-fàth sud bhi mar tha
 Fuarachadh gràdh Mòraig;
 Mar dean i rium réit' 's furasd' a leugh'
 Gur ionnan 's an t-eug dhòmh-s' e.

Bean nan gorm-shùil fo mhala chaol, chiùin—
 Bean nan rosg bàn, bruaid' rach—
 Bean a' chùil òir,—'s duine glé chòr
 Chì i gun leòn buan air.
 Uiseag an t-sléibh 'dùsgadh na gréin',
 Sud i a' seinn dhuanaig!
 B' fheàrr bhi gun lùth sìnnte fo 'n ùir
 No maireann, 's mo rùn fuar rium.

'S tric mi, 's tu bh' uam, 'cuimhneachadh uair
 Bha thu, a luaidh, glé ait
 M' fhaicinn ri d' thaobh suas ud fo 'n chraoibh
 'S minic rinn leam éisdeachd
 Aidmheil do ghràidh, gealladh do làmh
 Thabhairt fo shnaim cléir dhomh,—
 Gealladh mo leòin—ealamh gu leòir,
 Ach diombuan mar cheò céitein!

'S e mheudaich mo ghruaim 's a thanaich mo ghruaidh
D' fhaighinn 'toirt cluas dheònach
Do mhuinntir tha treun gu cùinneadh nam breug—
'G altrum d' an taobh dòchas
Gu 'n toir thu gaol ùr do 'n bhalach tha 'n dùil
Gu 'n ceannaich a chrùin mar bhò thu!
Gabh earail 'n a thràth,—till thugam, le bàigh,
A's faigh 'n am ghaol blàth sòlas.



ANNA GHAOLACH GHLINN-CRO.

AIR FONN,—“ *Latha dhomh bhi 's tigh-òsda.*”

Mo thruagh fleasgach bheir gaol
 Do bhean le ceutachd ro-mhòr—
 Té do 'n dualach na ciadan
 A bhi dian air a tòir!
 Sud an t-aobhar dh' fhàg mise
 'N diugh fo airtneal gu leòir,
 'S mo chion-falaich, glé fhaoin dhomh,
 Air Anna ghaolach Ghlinn-crò.

B' esan féin an daor-ùmaidh
 Chitheadh ùr-bhean mo luaidh
 Gun bhi tabhairt d' a bòidhehead
 A' chiad àite 'n a smuain;
 Geug a dh-fhaodadh mac diùca
 Bhi glé spòrsail a bhuain—
 Co air bith leis an lùb i,
 'S leis bhi mùirneach m' a bhuaidh.

'S fad' o n' dhùisg i 'n am chliabh-sa
 Gaol a's fiabhrus neo-ghann;
 B' fheàrr nach faca mi riamh i
 Ma 's gaol diamhain tha ann;—
 Ach nach coma cia aotrom
 Do rùn m' eudail mo roinn,
 'S deimhinn leam gus an eug dhomh
 Nach tig caochladh air m' fhoon.

Fhir a shiùbbblas a null uainn
Gu Loch-long nan sruth tlàth,
Thoir ceud beannachd bhlàth, chaoimhneil
Bh' uam gu maighdean mo ghràidh,
'S thoir dhi fios, mur a math leath'
Orm glé ath-ghearr sgeul bàis,
Nach ro-luath mar fhear-bainnse
Gheibh mi greim air a làmh.



GAOL GUN DOCHAS.

AIR Fonn,—“ *Bithidh fonn oirre daonnan.*”

An diugh, ged 's fada bh' uam i
 'Am brúadar bha mi 'n raoir le
 Bean meachair a' chùil ruadh-bhuidh'
 'S na gruaidh air dath a' chaorainn.
 B' i sud an aisling shuairce
 'Rinn tuille 's luath mo thréigsinn,
 'G am fhàgail, tìm dhomh dùsgadh,
 Glé dhlùth air sìleadh dheura.

Mo rùn-sa—ged glé dhiamhain—
 Bean og na h-ìomhaigh àluinn!
 Mar 's faide bh'uam a gaol-sa
 'S ann 's truime 'n gaol so chràidh mi.
 B' fheàrr leam bhi faighinn cinnte
 Air roinn glé bheag d' a fàbhar
 Na gealladh air stàid iarla
 An diugh bho bheul na bàin-rìgh.

A ghaoil! ma mhaireas buan dhuit
 An fhuarachd so a chlaoidh mi,
 C' arson a fhuair thu chaoin-shùil
 Chuir breisleach gaoil air milltean?
 C' arson bha riamh do chòmhradh
 Cho binn ri ceòl nan teud leam,
 'S tu uile mar ròs-gàraidh
 Fad', fad' thar càch 'an ceutachd?

Mo thruaigh, nach ann gun aobhar
Mar so leam féin a seinn mi,
Le dubhachas 'n am ghruaidhean
A's oidhche bhuan air m' inntinn !
Mo bheannachd leis gach faoin-dhùil
Bha aon uair leam co prìseil ;—
Do chridhe dh' easbhuidh dòchas
'S e 'n uaigh a mhàin bheir sìochaint.



CEIT RUNACH IONAR-FEORAIN.

AIR FONN,—“ *Hi ri ri 's ho ra-ill o,
Mo nighean donn a's boidhche.*”

SEISD :—Rùn mo chléibh-sa 'n éiteag chiùin
Air an glé mhath luidheas cliù ;—
Sud agaibh i, 'n leug gun smùr,
Ceit rùnach Ionar-feòrain !

Mar tha 'n ròs an lios nam blàth
Bòidheach thar gach flùr 'n a dhàil
Tha 'n am shùil-sa measg nam mnà
Ceit bhàn-bhuidh' Ionar-feòrain.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

Dean de 'n ròs a's deirge tuar
Duilleag chur air sneachd an stuaigh,
'S gheibh thu beachd glé mhath air gruaidh
Ceit ghuamach Ionar-feòrain.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

Seall air faileasan nan reul
'Deàrrsadh air uchd sèimh a' chaoil,
'S gheibh thu aunta sud ceart neul
A blàth-shùl aobhach, mhòdhar.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

An tonn-mara 's gile bàrr,
No gheug-abhuill 's gile blàth
Cha bhiodh idir geal 'an làth'ir
Uchd modhail, bàn na h-òigh ud.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.

Thug mo Cheit bho 'n t-seillein chial
Am blas milis tha m' a bial,
'S ghoid i bho 'n bhogh'-froise trian
De 'n sgiamh tha air a h-òr-fhalt.
Rùn mo chléibh-sa, etc.



MO CHAILEAG SHUAINEARTACH.

AIR FONN,—“ *Màiri bhàn òg.*”

Na 'm bithinn na 'm bhàrd a réir mo ghuidhe,
 Co 'n òigh bu roghainn do m' dhàn?
 Co ach an té shuairc bho Shuaineart buidhe
 Bha 'n raoir a' gabhail leam sràid!
 Mar thiginn a' Mhàigh do eòin an fhirich
 Tha h-aoidh 's a furan do m' chàil.
 B'e féin am fear diù, gun tùr, gun chridhe,
 A chì, 's nach tugadh dhi gràdh.

Nach mise bhiodh làn de spòrs na 'm faighinn
 Mar chéile caileag mo rùn—
 Bean ùr a' chùil òir thar ghàirdean geala
 'Ruith sìos gu meadhon a cùil!
 Bhiodh cannach nan àrd fo sgàile 'n sealladh
 A bràigh geal cumachdail, ciùin:
 Cha bheag a' chùis eud dhomh féin an t-anart
 Gheibh còir air luidhe ris dlùth.

Fhuair m' annsachd mar thrìan de sgiamh a h-aghaidh
 Sùil ghorm fo mhala gun ghruaim;
 Thug lilidh an raoin d' a deud a gilead,
 'S an ròs an rugha d' a gruaidh;
 Thug subhag nam blàr do bheul na finne
 A millse maille r' a snuadh,
 A's uiseag an t-sléibh d' a teud am binneas
 Fhuair cliù a mhaireas dhi buan.

'N uair thig oirnn a nall a' Bhealltuinn bhuidhe
'Cur loinn air monadh a's blàr,
'S a bhitheas na h-eòin feadh chòs a's chranna
A' strì co 's fileanta dàn,
Gheibh caileag mo ghaoil mi féin uair eile
R' a taobh ri leannanachd bhlàth ;
'S cha ghabhainn mòr ioghna còrdadh 's banais
Bhi crùnadh grinneas mo ghràidh !



TUIREADH DHOMHNUILL CIBEIR.

AIR FONN,—“*Tha mise 'n so 'm luidhe.*”

An dé, 'n lagan na h-àiridh,
 'Stigh fo sgàth nan geug uaine,
 Chualas cìbeir ri òran,
 'S b' e so pàirt de 'throm-uallach :—
 “Ma 's fear eile gheibh Màiri,
 'N déigh gach blàth ghealladh fhuair mi,
 Cha n-'eil maighdean fo 'n ghréin ud
 A gheibh gaol tuille bh' uam-sa !

'S beag an t-ioghna ged bhitheadh
 Mo chùl tuille ri sòlas,
 'S mi a' cuimhneachadh làithean
 Bha i gràdhach gu leòir rium,—
 Gibhtean gaoil, 's cha b' uair ainneamh,
 Bh' uam 'g an gabhail glé spòrsail,
 'S cuid dhiu fathasd, mur breug dhomh,
 Air uchd m' eudail ag òradh.

B' e sud féin an t-uchd sneachd-gheal—
 Uchd bha tric dhomh 'n a chluasaig ;
 Fàth mo bhròin gu 'm buin dreach dha
 'Nis na 's pailte na suairceas !
 Amhuil sòbhrachan glé ghrinn
 Faighinn freumh feadh nan cruaidh-chreag ;
 Amhuil fearann cruaidh, rèda,
 'S an sneachd bòidheach air uachdar.

Ciod, a ghaoil, tha 'g ad dhalladh
 'N uair a ghabhadh tu sean-duin'—
 Fear bu chòir bhi 'n ad shealladh
 'N a chùis sgreamh agus an-tlachd ?
 Ged a gheibh thu e maoineil,
 'S beag am feum sud do m' annsachd
 Mur 'eil *guinea* 'n a sporan
 Gun, ma choinneamh, snaim theann air.

Ciod am feum a bhi bruidhinn ?
 Cha tu idir 'n ad aonar
 A tha 'n diugh, air sgàth 'n codach,
 Deas gu bodaich a phòsadh.
 Ach a dh-aindeoin sud uile,
 'S e mo ghuidhe 's mo dhòchas
 A chiad uair a bhios gairm ort
 Gur e m' ainm-sa bhios còmh' l riut !



A BHEAN UD 'RINN MO LEONADH.

AIR FÖNN,—“ *A nighean donn na h-airidh.*”

A bhean ud rinn mo leònadh,
 Nach fan thu bh' uam, nach fan thu bh' uam !
 O 'n dh' fhàg thu mi gun dòchas,
 Gur dona dhuit, gur dona dhuit
 Bhi nis a' magadh m' àmhghair
 Le d' mheall-shùilean, le d' mheall-shùilean ;
 O 'n rinn an gaol am fàgail,
 Bho m' shealladh leo, bho m' shealladh leo !

Gur coma leam an samhraidh,
 Ged 's bòidheach e, ged 's bòidheach e ;
 'S cha mhodha, tràth a' gheamhraidh,
 Thig sòlas dhomh, thig sòlas dhomh :
 Bheir flùir an t-samhraidh 'm smuaintean
 Do sgèimhealachd, do sgèimhealachd,
 A's reotha 'gheamhraidh 'n fhuarachd
 Tha còmhladh ris, tha còmhladh ris.

B' e féin an lighich suairce
 A dh-innseadh dhomh, a dh-innseadh dhomh
 An deoch a bheireadh bh' uam-sa
 Gach cuimhne ort, gach cuimhne ort.
 Gu 'n òlainn clis a suas i,
 Toil-inntinneach, toil-inntinneach ;
 'S e 'n t-aon ni dh' fhàgas buan mi
 Tur dhì-chuimhn' ort, tur dhì-chuimhn' ort !



M' ULaidh 'S M' EUDail BHAN.

AIR Fonn,—“ *Kelvingrove.*”

Tiugainn leam uair eile 'n Dùn,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Dùn nam maigheach a's boc lùth'r,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Far an tiughe fàs nam flùr,
 'S am faigh 'chuthag d' a gug-gùg
 Freagradh àit bho chreagan dlùth,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn !

Sud ad t-ionad 's am bu chòir,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Dhuinn bhi 'g ùrachadh nam bòid,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 'S am blàth-shùgradh bh' againn ann
 Iomadh latha, 'n uair is gann
 Chuir sinn cùl ri bhi 'n ar clann,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn.

'S tric mo chuimhne air an t-sùrd,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Chleachd bhi againn trusadh chnù,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
 Uairibh eile feadh nam frìth
 'Tional shubhagan gun dìth—
 Cuirm gu leòir do nighean rìgh,
 M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn !

'S feàrr gu mòr aon druid an sealbh,
M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn,
Ro dà smeòrach fad air falbh,
M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn.
Tiugainn leam, mata, a suas,
Uraich dhomh-sa 'n tìm chaidh uainn,
'S gabh dhuit féin blàth-ghaol mar dhuais,
M' ulaidh 's m' eudail bhàn.



“CHA CHALL NA GHEIBH CARAID.”

AIR FONS,—“*Fhìr a dhìreas am bealach,
Thoir mo shoraidh do 'n ghleannan ucl shuas.*”

“Cha chall na gheibh caraid”—
Tha 'n a shean-fhacal furasd' a ràdh,
Ach 's ni eile bhi dearbhta
Gur h-i 'n fhìrinn gun mheirg sud 's gach càs.
Na 'm biodh esan a labhair
A' chainnt fhaoìn ud 'n am ionad-sa 'n tràths',
'S gann a bhiodh e glé thoilicht'
Ged b' e 'm fear ghabh brath-foill air, a bhràthair.

SEISD :—Air fàillirinn, uillirinn,
Ochorinn, O ! co 'shaoil
Gu 'm biodh foill ann am fàbhar
'N uair 's eu-dòchas a's bàs e do 'n ghaol ?

An tràth bhitheas an uiseag
Anns na speura gu luinneagach shuas
'S tric a thig an t-eun coimheach,
'S gu mì-nàdurra, luidhidh 'n a cuaich ;—
'S ann mar sud thachair dhòmh-sa
A thaobh maighdean bhòidheach mo luaidh ;
Air bhi dhomh 'an tìr aineoil
Ghoid daor nàmh, 'an riochd caraid, i bh' uam.
Air fàillirinn, etc.

Na 'm bu choigreach dhomh esan
 'Rinn a mealladh, cha'n fhosglainn mo bheul ;
 'S fada ghabh sud o 'n fhleasgach
 'Mhill co dìchiollach aisling mo ghaoil :
 Caraid cridhe, nam b' fhìor e—
 Cò ach esan gu dian air mo thaobh !
 Ach fo 'n chóinnich a's tlàithe
 'S tric an nathair a's bàsmhoire beum.
 Air fàillirinn, etc.

Ann an toiseachadh m' eòlais
 Air an te so a leòn mi co gheur
 Bha i blàth chridheach, banail,—
 B' fhada dòighean an t-sionnaich bho 'beus ;
 Ach 'an làmh an fhir ruaidh ud
 'Dh' fhàs co chuilbheartach, chluaineasach chlaon,
 'S gann gun tugainn mo ghealladh
 Nach fàs m' uan air aon tearradh ris féin.
 Air fàillirinn, etc.

Na'm biodh fios aig mo leannan
 Air guin bhrònach mo chridhe d' a dìth,
 Bu glé shuarach 'na barail
 An dubh-chealgair dh' fhàg dealaichte sinn.
 Mo thruaigh féin an droch stiùireadh
 Dh' fhàg an diugh aig an Iùdas ud i !
 Amhuil dealan-dé bòidheach
 Ann am beairt figh'dair-spàgach nan lion.
 Air fàillirinn, etc.



GED THA 'BHEALLTUINN SO SNUADHMHOR.

AIR FOKN.—“ *Gràdh geal mo chrìdh.*”

Ged tha 'Bhealltuinn so snuadhmhòr,
 Tha mi suarach gu leòir
 Mu ghuth milis na cuaiche
 'S an druid ghuanach 'g a còir :
 Bho 'n là chaill mi Nic-Eallair
 'Se mo roghainn dubh-bhròn;
 Amhuil calman 's a leannan
 Aig a' chlamhan 'n a spòig.

Cha n- e fuigheal nan sòbhrag
 Bha cho mòr ann am shùil,
 Ach ròs-gàraidh an Og-mhios
 Fo luchd deàrrsach de 'n driùchd.
 'N uair bu mhotha mo dhòchas
 Mu bhlàth bòidheach mo rùin
 Spìon fear eile gu seòlt e
 'S dh' fhàg e dhòmh-sa 'm preas rùisgt'.

A bhean mheachair so chiùrr mi
 An tùs sùgradh 'n droch spéid
 B'e do thochradh—'s bu leòir e—
 Do ghnùis bhòidheach gun bheud :
 Cha do bhac sud na ciadan
 Bhi glé dhian rium ag eud,
 Faicinn agam-sa 'n rùn sin
 Rinn thu dhiùltadh dhoibh féin.

Nam b' ùr-ghallan òg, uasal
Do 'm buin suairceas a's cliù
A fhuair m' eudail 'n liontan
Bu lugha m' ioghna mu'n chùis;
Ach do làmh tho'irt do bhalach
Aois do sheanair, a rùin,
B'e sud pòsadh na h-iath-shlait
Ris an liath-bhalla bhrùit'!

Ged tha 'shabhal glé lànail,
'S crodh gu leòir 'n a chuid bhual,
Faodaidh 'thigh bhi gun mhànràn,
'S a chuid òir fo ghlais chruaidh,
Faodaidh osnaidhean glé thrìc
A bhi reubadh cneas m' uain;
'S cha bhi mise air dì-chuimhn'
An là bhios deur air a gruaidh.



BI 'FALBH, BI 'FALBH ORT, A GHEAMH- RAIDH GHRUAMAICH.

Chaidh an t-òran so a dheanamh air do 'n mhaighdinn air am bheil e ag iomradh bhi ann an eas-shlàinte. Bha an duan a leanas e air a sgrìobhadh goirid an déigh do 'n mhaighdinn sin caochladh.

AIR FOKN,—“ *Och, mar tha mi 's mi 'n am aonar.*”

SEISD :—

O, tilleadh slàinte gun dàil do 'n rìbhinn—
An ainnir ghrinn bha mar m' anail dhòmha-sa!
A' chaileag ghaolach 'thug gaol gun dìth dhomh,
Mo thruaigh mi féin ma 's e 'n t-eug gheibh còir oirr'!

Bi 'falbh, bi 'falbh ort, a gheamhraidh ghruamaich!
A gheamhraidh dhuaichnidh, gun truas gun tròcair!
'S ann ré do chùrsa a sheac an t-ùr-bhlàth
Tha 'n diugh gun dùil ri bhi tuille nòsar.

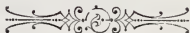
Mo ghaol geal riomhach! na 'm biodh dhuit loc-shlaint'
'Am fuil mo chrì-sa, bu leat le m' dheòin sud;
'S bu leòir mar phàigheadh le d' leannan cràiteach
Aon sealladh gràdhach bho d' bhlàth-shuil mhòdhar.

Bho n- fhuair mi sgeul bean mo ghaoil bhi ciùrrta,
Mar chlarsach bhrùite, gun sùrd, gun cheòl mi,
No 'n calman-coille a' caoidh 'an uaigneas
A leannan suaire' aig an t-seobhag, leòinte,

O! gu a faicinn 's an t-slàinte bh' aice
A' chiad là bheachdaich mi dreach a ròs-ghruaidh,
'S a sùilean caoimheil mar chlachan daoimein
A ghoid an soillse bho reul na glòmuinn!

'S tric maduinn glé ghrinn aig latha deurach,—
Am flùr a's ceutaiche 'measg nan sòbhrag
'S e 's luaithe 'chrionas,—'s ged 's cruaidh e, 's fìor e,
An cridhe 's caoimhe 's e 's trice 'leònar.

O, Earraich àluinn, greas, greas le d' bhlàth's oirnn !
Thig, thig gun dàil, a's fàg fallain Seònaid !
Bì'dh againn dà ghrian ma nì thu slàn i,—
'S gun ise slàn 's e 'n dubh-earrach dhòmhs' thu.



O, SEINNIBH, 'ILLEAN, SEINNIBH LEAM.

AIR Fonn,—“*’Ille dhuinn ’s toigh leam thu.*”

SEISD :—O, seinnibh, ’illean, seinnibh leam
 Rann gaoil mu m’ cheud ghràdh bòidheach,
 ’S a’ ghleann ’s an tric a choinnich sinn
 Cha n- fhaic mi tuille Seònaid.

O seinnibh cliù na h-ainnir ud
 Nach cum rium tuille còmhail
 Far am bu tric, ’g a faotainn leam,
 Mo chridhe ’leum le sòlas.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

O seinnibh, ’n uair a thàrladh dhomh
 Bhi faighinn fàilte ’s pòg uaip’,
 Cia mar bu mhodha ’m shùil-sa sud
 Na còir air crùn rìgh Deòrsa.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

O seinnibh nach b’ e ’n t-ioghnach
 Mi bhi ’n sud mu m’ rùn cho spòrsail ;
 Bu leòir a dreach chur éibhneas
 Air an fheur a bha fo ’brògan.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

Droch fhortan oirre ’mheall i bh’ uam
 Gu bhi measg Ghoill a’ còmhnuidh !
 Ceart mar mo chridhe ’spìonadh bh’ uam
 Bha dhòmh-sa dìth mo Sheònaid.
 O, seinnibh, etc.

Mo thruaigh mi nach sgeul bréige dhomh
 An sgeul tha ’n diugh ga m’ leònadh !
 Mo léir-chreach gun do chaochail i,
 ’S tha ’n saoghal ’n a eallach dhòmh-sa !
 O, seinnibh, etc.

MALI BHOIDHEACH MHIOG-SHUILEACH.

AIR FONN.—“*Nighean donn na h-àiridh.*”

Mo rùn air Mali bhòidheach—

Mo Mhali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach !
 An gaol a thug i dhòmhl-sa
 Cha cheannaicheadh òr nan Innsean uam.
 Cha n-’eil bean eile ’n diugh fo ’n ghréin,
 Ged b’ ann de dhearbh fhuil rìghrean i,
 B’ fheàrr leam-sa ’n ceangal-pòsaidh
 Na Mali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach.

O, ’s tric le Mali àluinn

Gun fhios do chàch ’n am shìneadh mi
 ’N sud shuas ’am fochair fàs-choill
 Nan ciada eun beag, binn-cheòlach,—
 Mo bheul r’ a beul—aon làmh fo ’ceann,
 Làmh eile teann ’g a crìodachadh,
 ’S mo chridhe ’snàmh ’an sòlas
 Le Mali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach.

’S glé òg a thug mi gaol dhi,
 ’S thug ise glé luath dioladh dhomh ;
 Ma bhios mi fada slàinteil,
 Mo làmh, cha bhi sud diomhain dhi.
 Ged chuirinn seachad mìle bliadhna
 ’M fagus sgiamh na rìbhinn ud,
 ’Sann bhiodh i ’m shealladh ’n còmhnaidh
 Na Mali bhòidheach, mhìog-shuileach !

NAIGHEACHD GUN IARRAIDH.

AIR FOKN,—“*Màiri bhàn Dhail-an-eas.*”

Am bruadar so, am faoin-sgeul e,
 No 'm faod e a bhi fìor
 Gu 'm bheil mo ghealag rùnach
 Aig fear ùr a nis 'n a lìon?
 Cha tig, cha tig ath-sgeul dhomh air,—
 Na 'n tigeadh, b' éibhneach mi;
 Ach o 'n chaidh 'n t-snaim do-sgaoileadh ort
 De 'n t-saogh'l so tha mi sgìth!

Mo léir-chreach féin na boirionnaich!
 'S glé ainneamh gheibhear té
 Nach toir, mur bi thu cùramach,
 Dhuit ciùrr nach leighis léigh.
 Mar 's modha bheir thu ùmhlaich dhoibh
 'S ann 's lugha 'n rùn mu d' dhéigh;
 'S e m' aineolas mu 'n dòighean
 Dh' fhàg an diugh mo leòn co gheur.

Bu daor, bu daor a cheannaich mi
 An sonas nach robh buan;
 'N uair shaoil mi bhi aig caladh
 'S ann a bha mi 'n iochd a' chuain.
 Mo thruaigh mi! ciod so dh-fhairich mi
 Nach d' aithnich thu ni 's luaith?
 'S ann 'n uair a chaidh do spùinneadh bh' uam
 A dhùisg mi às mo shuain.

O! cuime, 'ghaoil, a dh'fhàg thu mi?
 Bha là bu leam do phòg,—
 Bu leam do ghealladh fàillineach
 Bha aon uair blàth gu leòir;
 Bu leam bli tric a' mnanran riut
 'N uair bhitheadh càch 'n an clò:
 Cha n- ioghna 'n diugh, 's mo smuain air sud,
 Mo ghruaidh bhi glas gu leòir.

'S e thu bhi aig an t-sionnach ud,
 A rùin, fo cheangal buan
 Dh'fhàg cadal nis 'n a annas dhomh,
 'S mo chridhe trom mar luaidh;
 'S gann 's urrainn mòran sonais
 Bhi taobh teallaich bean do shnuadh,
 'S do chuimhne air mar bhuin thu rium
 'Tigh'n ort mar ghuth o 'n uaigh.

A fhleasgaich òig, bi furachail,—
 Aon earail gabh uam féin
 Na bi ro-dheas gu d' chridhe
 Thoirt do bhean air bith fo 'n ghréin.
 Ged gheibh thu 'n coslas aingil i,
 Ma 's buinneag i gun stéidh,
 Gu 'n dean i 'n tùs dhiot amadan
 A's aithreachan 'n a dhéigh.



'S E 'N LEON AN GAOL.

AIR Fonn.—“ *A chailinn duinn a' chuailein réidh.*”

SEISD :—Hil ù, hil ò, 's e 'n leòn an gaol,
 Hil ù, hil ò, 's e 'n leòn an gaol,
 Hil ù, hill ò, 's e 'n leòn on gaol ;
 Mo chùlthaobh féin gu buileach ris !

'S e 'n gaol a' phlàigh a leòn mo chrì,
 'S a dh' fhàg mi tric gun fhois gun sìth,
 Mar eun 'an cliabh no iasg 'an lìon,
 Ach feuch an strìochd mi tuille dha !
 Hil ù, etc.

Ciod dh' fhàg mi déigheil tuille 's còir
 Air féilltean, bainnsean, dannsa 's ceòl ?
 An ni dh' fhàg falamh tric mo phòc',—
 'S e gaol nan òigh rinn uile sud.
 Hil ù, etc.

Ciod thug mi tric do 'n ghleann ud shuas
 'N uair b' fheàrr a bhuineadh dhomh bhi 'm shuain ?
 Ciod e theap m' fhalachadh 's an uaigh
 Ach buaireadair na dunach so !
 Hil ù, etc.

A fhleasgaich ud tha fathasd saor,
 Cum dùinte d' uchd, mur 'eil thu 'n gaol
 Air cridhe trom, air cadal faoin,
 'S do leaba bhi mar chuileann duit.
 Hil ù, etc.

An té tha bòidheach fad' thar càch
 Cha n- fhaigh thu còir oirre le stràic ;
 'S b' e gaol bho ghuanag—ruadh no bàn—
 Bhi glacadh ceò nam mullaichean !
 Hil ù, etc.

Thoir dhòmh-sa, 'n uair tha 'n t-àm dhomh dlùth
 Bhi deanamh roghainn, té do 'n cliù
 A bhi o dhaoine còire, ciùin,
 'S a giùlan féin 'toirt urras air.
 Hil ù, etc.



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